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ONE SHILLING.

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THE "REVOLUTION" IN GERMANY: GENERAL VON LÜTTWITZ, A WELL-KNOWN PAN-GERMAN,
APPOINTED MINISTER OF DEFENCE BY DR. KAPP.

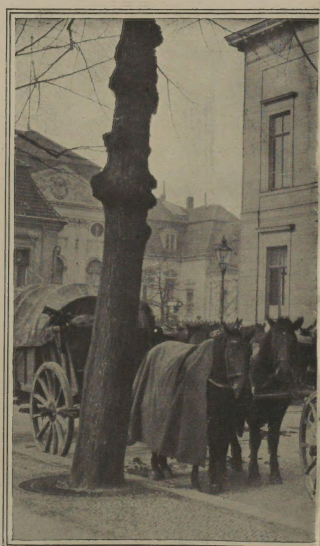
When Dr. Kapp, the well-known Pan-German, made himself Imperial Chancellor, as a result of the "revolution" in Germany, he appointed General Walter von Lüttwitz Minister of Defence, or, as other accounts have it, Minister for War and Commander-in-Chief. At the moment of writing, the position is uncertain, and a report that Dr. Kapp's party

had compromised with the Ebert régime has been denied. General von Lüttwitz, who was dismissed recently by Herr Noske, Ebert's Minister for Defence, is also a Pan-German. Before his dismissal by Herr Noske, he was Commander of the Berlin District. The photograph shows him at a recent review of German "regulars" on the Tempelhof Parade Ground, Berlin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TRAMPUS.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "REVOLUTION" IN BERLIN:

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



IN THE WILHELMSTRASSE AND UNTER DEN LINDEN DURING THE GERMAN "REVOLUTION": TROOPS

At the moment of writing, the situation in Germany remains confused and unsettled, and the accounts of the latest developments are conflicting. The opening events of the crisis, however, may be briefly recapitulated. It was announced on March 15 that a Pan-German (or Junker) *coup d'état* had taken place in Berlin, and that Dr. Wolfgang Kapp had assumed the office of Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Premier in a new Government, with General von Lüttwitz as Minister of War. The revolutionary party was supported by some 8000 troops quartered at Döberitz, the great military training ground 25 miles from Berlin. They marched in and occupied the city. The leaders of the old Government (Herr Ebert, President; Herr Bauer, Chancellor; and Herr Noske, Minister of Defence), after an all-night Cabinet meeting, decided not to resist, and retired.

TROOPS OF THE PAN-GERMAN PARTY PICKETING THE CITY.

BY ALFIERI.

OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PARTY IN BERLIN: WITH GUNS, TRANSPORT, AND FIELD-KITCHENS.

first to Dresden, and later to Stuttgart. On March 16 it was reported that a compromise had been effected between the "old" and the "new" Governments, and that Dr. Kapp had abandoned the task of forming a Ministry. Meanwhile, a general strike was in progress in Berlin, and street fighting and rioting were reported from the Berlin suburbs, Dresden, Frankfurt, Essen, and elsewhere. Later news cast doubt on the alleged compromise, and a Stuttgart message stated that the Ebert Government had officially denied the report that they were negotiating with the Kapp party. It was also said that the Bavarian Army had joined the revolutionaries. Marshal Foch arrived at Mayence on the 15th to consult with Allied Generals. In the lower photograph on the right is seen the Brandenburg Gate, beyond which is the Tiergarten.



BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

I SUPPOSE that if you were to seek for the most irrational of all appetites, the one appetite for which you could not give any sort of reason, you would find it to be the strongest appetite of all: I mean the appetite for posthumous fame.

Milton made a little fortune (in the literary sense of that word—and my fellow-hacks will know what sort of fortune that is) by calling it the last infirmity of noble minds. It is a very true saying, not only in its direct sense but in its implication. It is not only true that men who have conquered every other appetite hardly conquer this one; it is also true that there is something divine about the desire, infirmity though it be. The mind remains well noble though still fully possessed of such a desire.

And explain it you cannot. It would be explicable if there were implanted in the mind of man everywhere and at all times a certitude as strong as our certitude of the universe about us, that the individual soul survived death with a full, conscious, and continuous memory, and, on the top of that, would be more interested in what was going on here than in what was going on in his own place. No such certitude has been granted to man. On the contrary, those who hold the first part of the proposition hold it as a special revelation and defend it perilously. The mass of men have been very vague or sceptical or negative about the whole affair. And as to the second part of the proposition, the idea that, even granted this personal, conscious and continuous survival, the soul would be more interested in things happening here than in the things of its own place, no one has ever dreamt or could dream of saying anything so absurd. The farthest to which St. Augustine went (and he went as far as anybody) was to say that the soul, however blessed, retained the great human affections: and we most profoundly hope that this is true, though it is hardly doctrine. But neither St. Augustine nor anyone else (that I know of) ever pretended that the soul was worrying about what Smith, Jones, and Robinson thought about some verse it had produced, or was chagrined by their neglect—I mean, after it had got rid of the limitations of this world. Why, one does not even bother at fifty about what people may be saying of one's work at twenty-five. Most of us would rather it were forgotten, and some of us actually suppress it at great expense: buying up the first edition and leaving strict injunctions in our wills that any immature stuff shall not be reprinted after our death.

If this is our attitude towards a little development in the little space of half a little mortal life, what do you suppose old Homer cares, or young Theocritus?

I say "young Theocritus." The adjective gives me pause. How old was he when he died? His verse was young . . . yes! . . . but I have, at the moment of writing, no knowledge at all of the date when that remarkable *littérateur* gave up his trade. Bear with me a moment while I look it up in a book of reference.

I find in my book of reference that he was born about 300 B.C., and that "he lived for a long time"

at the Court of Alexandria. But my book does not tell me how long that "long time" was. Which reminds me of the parish priest of whom the story goes that he preached this sermon: "Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years and he died." He first quoted the text, then made a solemn pause, then added: "I have nothing more to say," and left the pulpit.

Anyhow Theocritus is dead, and he wrote in a very young fashion. But he would be a bold man who would say that Theocritus is caring now either for what I am writing about him here, or even for that magnificent sentence which Mr. Andrew Lang constructed in praise of him when he spoke of the "many-coloured flame of Theocritus."

No. The thing is inexplicable. On the other hand, it is extremely useful, as are hunger and thirst

everywhere have the uneasy sensation that if they are too much praised before death, they will hardly be sufficiently praised afterwards. And it is the longer praise afterwards that they seek. Endurance between the lips of men. The monument in the mind. That is, a fame of which they will know nothing, or for which, even if they know of it, they will hardly care. The poet says (at it again!)—

But in that part of Heaven where hearkening stand
The still remembered spirits glancing down,
You shall be lit with praise to hear the land,
To hear the land alive with your renown.
Nor peace nor strength nor laughter could I give
But these great wages: after death to live.

Not a bit of it. Even if he pulled it off, the poet, he only added a little incense to the great cloud of glory and only a little note to an enormous chorus. He only added a human thing to blessedness beyond the scale of mortality; like a child who offers a little toy as a present to his elders.

But there the appetite is—a spur to man and an excellent food for irony.

The best thing, perhaps, in that book full of good things called "Seven Men," which Mr. Max Beerbohm published the other day, is the picture of the poet who has sold his soul to the devil for a chance of looking up in the British Museum references to his work made a hundred years after his death. He finds one only reference (you will remember), and that in the shape of a casual allusion made, not in connection with his own work at all, but with another man's work—and in phonetic spelling to boot!

Ronsard brutally faced the problem and got out of it by a lie, or rather by a quirk. He asked the Muses of what profit it was that he should serve them, seeing that the Great Dead took no pleasure in their fame. To which the Muses answered him that the soul is immortal—and that is no reply. The Muses having answered thus, Ronsard goes on to say that people who are devout and religious will always write good verse.

What! Is everyone that humbly does his duty and serves his God to be accounted a writer of good verse? What would become of Chelsea?

Or again, is no good verse to be good verse because it was written by a bad man?

Why, here am I who have just been quoting Milton; and for that matter, I can hardly remember one thoroughly good man who did write good verse, unless it be the author of the "Pange Lingua."

I beg that the poets who read this may seek no quarrel with me. I am not saying that their lives are bad: I am only saying that their verse is bad. And, however bad their verse, you may lay to it that they will go on writing it, in the vain pursuit of posthumous fame. Wherein they resemble those little dogs, so numerous and so diverse, which, in the years of gold (to be accurate, in the autumn of 1894) many others and I led out to Cumnor Hill, and thence sent them following in a flash after the scent of an aniseed bag till they killed nothing on the 'Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. They ran very hard, but they ran after nothing: and so it is with the poets, and fame is but a savour and an air.



IMPRESSING TURKEY BY A DISPLAY OF ARMED FORCE: BRITISH BLUEJACKETS ON THE MARCH IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE WHITE ENSIGN IN CONSTANTINOPLE: A BRITISH NAVAL FORCE MARCHING THROUGH THE CITY.

As Lord Curzon mentioned in a recent statement on Allied policy in Turkey, the British Fleet was sent to Constantinople last month. Since the Cilician massacres both British and French forces have marched through the streets in great strength. Reuter reports that they "have produced a great impression on the Turkish population, who are beginning to understand that the Allies are determined to have their decisions respected."—(Photographs by Photo-Sport, Pera.)

and several other things of the same sort. It is useful to the end of the works of man. If it were not so, what works would man perform at all?

There was a school which had half-a-dozen adherents in London, and two or three in Paris, genuinely attached to it (and many thousands repeating its formulae insincerely), and this school said that the artist worked for his own sake or for the sake of art. Heaven knows their productions might have persuaded us even of that impossible theory. They were so bad, so very bad. But the artist, as we all know, does not work for the sake of art, still less for some secret pleasure of his own. He has that pleasure in working. He admires the chance which guides his hand. But his driving motive is fame. It is the driving motive, also, of all the failures—that is, of the great mass of men. And you have this ridiculous paradox about it, that immediate fame is everywhere suspected. Men

BARRIE INVENTS "THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RUSSIAN DANCERS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



KARISSIMA, THE BRIDE WHO SPEAKS ONLY WITH HER FEET, SAYS "I WILL" BY DANCE AND GESTURE: TAMARA KARSAVINA IN THE WEDDING SCENE OF THE "BARRIET," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Sir J. M. Barrie's "The Truth About the Russian Dancers," produced at the London Coliseum on March 15, is a fantasy showing how those dancers "love, how they marry, how they are made; with how they die and live happy ever afterwards." The scene is "One of the stately homes of England, but it has gone a little queer owing to the

presence in the house of a disturbing visitor." The disturber is Karissima, the Russian dancer, who lives and loves on tip-toe, speaks only with her feet, and, for instance, putts with her toes when playing golf, and answers questions in the marriage service by dancing and dumb show—as it might be in a Russian Ballet!—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, PHOTOPRESS, LANGFIER, VANDYK, AND HARRISON.



READ SINCE 1875: THE LATE HELEN MATHERS (MRS. HENRY REEVES), AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."



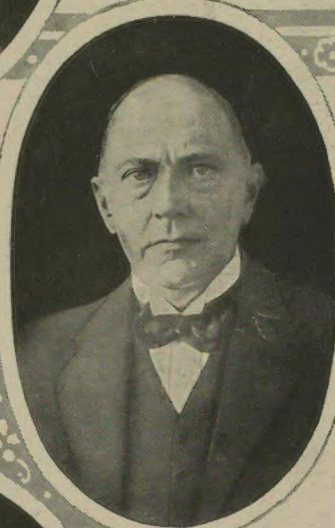
PROCLAIMED KING OF SYRIA AT THE PAN-SYRIAN CONGRESS AT DAMASCUS: THE EMIR FEISUL.



FIRST SECRETARY OF THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH: THE LATE SIR ROBERT MORANT, WHO DIED ON MARCH 13.



APPOINTED SECRETARY TO A COMMITTEE OF THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH FOR THE CLEANSING OF THE AIR: MR. E. C. H. SALMON.



COMPTROLLER OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SINCE 1893: SIR HARRY HAWARD, WHO HAS RESIGNED AFTER 39 YEARS' SERVICE.



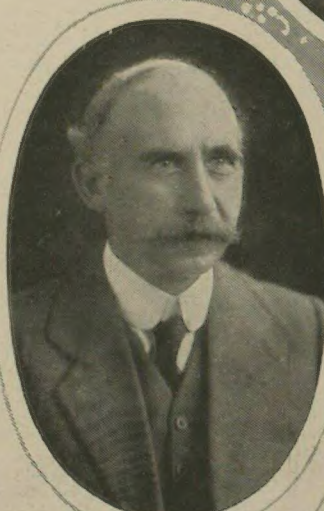
APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF MEDICINE: SIR GEORGE MAKINS, AN EMINENT SURGEON.



THE NEW C.-IN-C. OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR T. L. NAPIER-MORLAND.



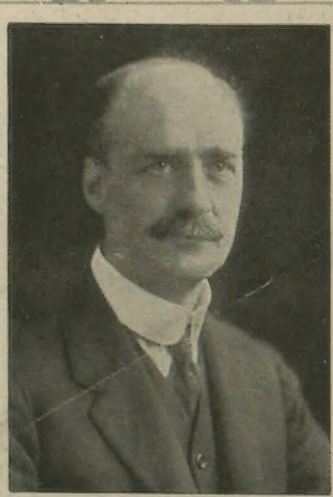
THE FIRST MUSICIAN COLONEL: LT.-COL. MACKENZIE ROGAN, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC OF THE GUARDS, JUST PROMOTED.



ANOTHER LABOUR SECESSION: MR. G. J. WARDLE, PARL. SEC. TO THE LABOUR MINISTRY, WHO HAS RESIGNED.



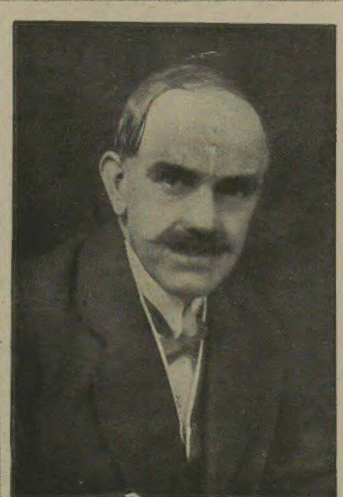
ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE UNIONIST RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE: COL. JOHN GRETTON, M.P. FOR RUTLAND.



SHUT UP 6 DAYS IN A SEALED GLASS CASE TO TEST HOW MUCH OXYGEN AIRMEN NEED: MR. JOSEPH BARCROFT, F.R.S.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR THE HORNCASTLE DIVISION OF LINCOLNSHIRE: CAPT S. V. HOTCHKIN (CO. U.).



THE ONLY REMAINING LABOUR MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT: MR. J. G. PARKER, M.P., A JUNIOR WHIP.

THE PRINCE'S VOYAGE TO AUSTRALASIA: ROOMS IN THE "RENOWN."

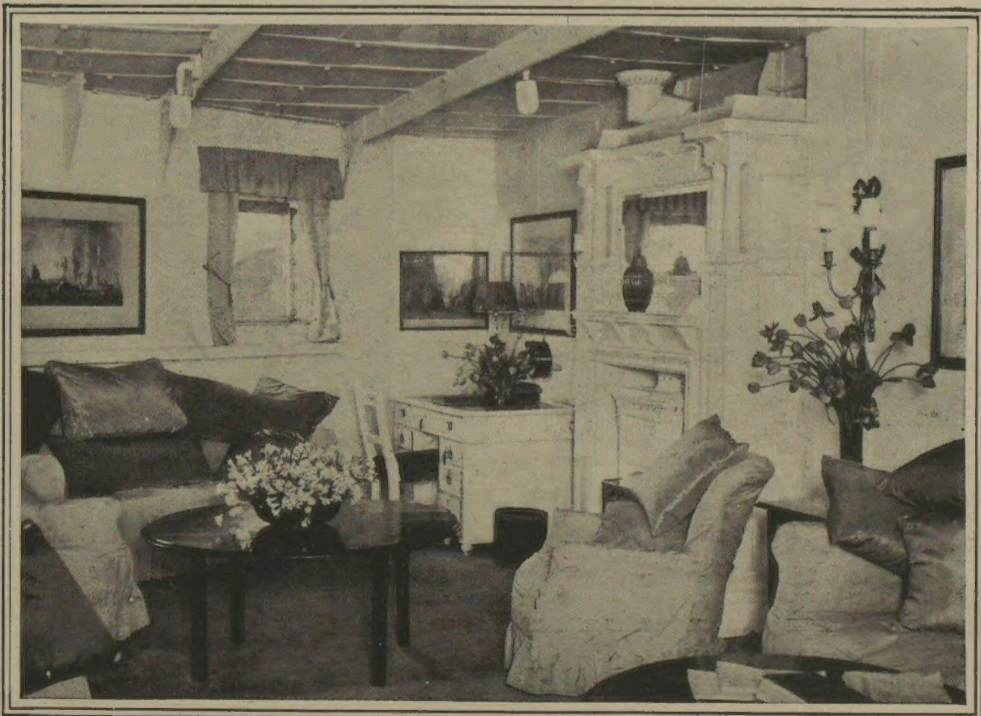
PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE "RENOWN" BY C.N. AND I.B.; PORTRAIT BY VANDYK.



THE PRINCE'S APARTMENTS IN THE "RENOWN": THE DINING-ROOM.



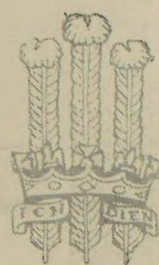
THE FEMININE TOUCH: THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE ARRANGING FLOWERS IN ONE OF THE PRINCE'S ROOMS.



THE PRINCE'S APARTMENTS IN THE BATTLE-CRUISER "RENOWN": THE SITTING-ROOM.

After a week's delay, owing to an outbreak of influenza in the "Renown," the Prince of Wales left Portsmouth on March 16, for his voyage to Australia and New Zealand. Preparations for the journey took place aboard the battle-cruiser for over a month. When the ship was utilised for the Canadian trip, the steel decks were covered with matting; wooden planking has now taken the place of this. Further, certain alterations

have been made in the accommodation for his Royal Highness and his suite; some extra cabins having been arranged and additional space for entertainment, both in Australia and New Zealand, having been given by the removal of certain guns from the after part of the ship. On leaving the harbour, the "Renown" was escorted by two destroyers.



IN HIS PLUMED SUN-HELMET: THE PRINCE IN A UNIFORM (WELSH GUARDS) HE WILL WEAR DURING HIS TOUR.

"BRUSSELS; DAWN, OCTOBER 12, 1915": THE CAVELL MEMORIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



UNVEILED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA: THE MONUMENT TO NURSE EDITH CAVELL, IN ST. MARTIN'S PLACE.

Amongst the engagements of Queen Alexandra this week, probably the one most sympathetic to her Majesty was that to unveil the Cavell Memorial in St. Martin's Place, at noon on the 17th. The monument, it will be recalled, is the outcome of a "Daily Telegraph" Shilling Fund; and Sir George Frampton, the famous sculptor and R.A., executed it as "a labour of love." The work would have been completed before had the war been of shorter duration; the Carrara marble for the central figure, for example, having to remain in the Italian quarries until Peace. Places at the ceremony were set

aside for delegations of nurses, and numerous deputations, including one from the École Edith Cavell, in Brussels. Amongst those who decided to be present were the Belgian Ambassador, and several members of the Cavell family. The Bishop of London was asked to offer the dedicatory prayer before Queen Alexandra performed the unveiling ceremony; and it was further arranged that when her Majesty released the covering from about the figure of the heroic nurse, two flags would be unfurled—one, a Union Jack presented by her Majesty; the other, the Belgian Flag, given by the Queen of the Belgians.

A SAILOR AT THE HELM IN HUNGARY: A "SUBSTITUTE KING."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GÁRDONYI TESTVÉREK, BUDAPEST.



TAKING THE OATH: ADMIRAL NICOLAS VON HORTHY (IN NAVAL UNIFORM, NEAR THE CENTRE) IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AFTER HIS ELECTION BY THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AS HEAD OF THE STATE.

Hungary has chosen a sailor to take the helm of state under the new conditions. On March 1 the National Assembly—the first of the new independent Hungary—elected Admiral Nicolas von Horthy, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, as the first Governor, or Head of the State. It is said that he is practically a "substitute King," with power to dissolve Parliament and change the Ministry. In appearance he is like a typical British Admiral, and he has been called the "Admiral Beatty of Hungary." His

age is 52. Sprung from an old and patriotic Magyar family, he distinguished himself in several naval actions during the war, and was wounded, in the Straits of Otranto, in May 1917. After the revolution in October 1918, he reorganised the Hungarian Army, and with it—after a daring 40-mile night march—entered Budapest on the Roumanian withdrawal and repressed incipient Bolshevism without bloodshed. A portrait of him appeared in our issue of March 13.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

I AM parsimonious of the word "great," for I know the meaning of its domain, but I do not hesitate to apply it to the Tosca of Ethel Irving. When in two months' time it comes to London it will be the talk of the town and of our American visitors. Meanwhile, it is illuminating Brighton, Manchester, Liverpool; and well can I understand it that play and actress arouse enthusiasm.

I have seen all the Toscas of our time. I have seen it at the birthday festival when Sarah Bernhardt made one more bid for the conquest of the world. I well remember the magnificent Mrs. Bernard Beere, in some parts not so distant from Sarah, and Lewis Waller as Scarpia. I can recall all these creations in detail, and the main remembrance of them is that they were splendidly theatrical—or, to avoid the flavour of the



THE FIRST PERFORMANCE (ON ANY STAGE) OF ROLLAND'S "DANTON": HERR PAUL WEGENER AS DANTON, AT THE NEW REINHARDT THEATRE, BERLIN.

Professor Reinhardt has obtained what is described as his greatest success with M. Romain Rolland's "Danton," never before produced on any stage.—[Photograph by Zander and Labisch.]

word, grand virtuosity. And here it is that Ethel Irving surpasses all her predecessors—that I venture to apply to her the word "great."

To Ethel Irving la Tosca is not a heroine of the theatre; she has few of the grand *allures* of the star whose voice ensnared kings and peoples. To her she is a woman in love. Nothing more, but all that in its universality of feeling. When she enters with lilies in her arms, she strikes no pose. She is simply a woman of quality speeding to embrace, and the pastoral hour. When she discovers the fan, she casts all dignity to the winds. She is merely a woman rent and torn in the throes of jealousy. When she discovers her error, she is the submissive woman who in humility and caress seeks forgiveness.

But when her lover in the adjacent cabinet is tortured in the horrible adornment of a spiked crown, she rises to greatness. Her agony, expressed in anguished reflex on her countenance of the atrocity in the other room, is terribly real, her sinless betrayal of the fugitive is terribly afflicting. She does not spare herself. She gives all her power, her nerve force, her heart. The audience is spellbound, and remains so in that wonderful scene of suspense when Scarpia pays with his life for his fiendishness; and his slayer, a woman to a fault, crosses his hands, lays a crucifix on his breast, and places candles of holiness by his temples.

It is this unending femininity of Miss Irving's Tosca which constitutes its supremacy. After that, the actress should not fear to attack the tragedy

of the Greeks. The heroines of the past are within her reach. And the young-old play inspired all around her—the Caravadossi of Vincent Clive, more and more interesting as the play proceeded; the Angelotti of Henry Ludlow; above all, the Scarpia of Jerrold Robertshaw. At length he has found the part that reveals the fulness of his gift. It requires distinction, *finesse*, persuasiveness, Iago-ism, rhetorical power, sustained intensity. Mr. Robertshaw displayed all that. His Scarpia was a foil to the immortal Scarpia who created the part, Pierre Berton. Could one say more, and is it not a well-deserved tribute when paid without exaggeration?

Thus "La Tosca," without need to fear her twin-sister, the opera, will once more revive the fame of Sardou and add laurels to the chief interpreters.

I wonder what the Parisian world and the world at large where the Drama is a matter of vital interest will think of the latest temptation of that renowned St. Anthony—André Antoine, the founder of the Théâtre Libre, who has once more gone forth into the sun in boldness of new strategy. The Théâtre Libre was the fountain-head of the new dramatic vein of France which began with Brioux and Ancey, and, via Maurice Donnay and Rosny, reached its highest and finest pressure in the work of François de Curel, of whom, so far, but one play, "The New Idol," has been seen in England, thanks to the Stage Society. The Théâtre Libre led Antoine to the coveted post of the Second Theatre of the State, the Odéon. But the Odéon by its very nature is adverse to the intimate subtle art of André Antoine. It is a big, unwieldy barrack, which has for years been a sink of hope and fortune. Nor did Antoine do very well there. He attempted much, he achieved something, but he had to give up much. He felt like a fish out of water.

Then came the struggle, and Antoine reverted to an occupation for which he was eminently fitted—dramatic criticism. With a style all his own, with the world's drama in his grasp and at his fingers' ends, with a mind outwardly coldly analytical, inwardly seething with emotion, his judgment of plays became *obiter dicta*. He was not flamboyant in the ordinary sense of the word; he was flaming with knowledge and penetration. Once bitten never shy, his heart's desire was not to preach but to practise; in preference, both. And so it came to pass that when Pierre Wolff—another godchild of Antoine who made a brilliant début at the Théâtre Libre with "Leurs Filles," and has since given us a momentous series of which "Les Marionnettes" is the best known in England—when Pierre Wolff obtained a lease of the Vaudeville Theatre he at once bethought himself of his spiritual creator, and decided that in the wake of the Théâtre Libre the Vaudeville should become the Cape of Good Hope of the aspirant playwright in France.

Not that Pierre Wolff intends to abandon the necessary run of plays in the evening, but he is alive

to the fact, which lately is also awakening some managers in London, that theatres waste much time in emptiness, and that such time could be made useful and profitable for the benefit of the rising generation; and so he went to Antoine and said, "Here is my theatre. Let us form a committee of playwrights, actors, critics—let us open our doors wide to all, make selection, and produce." Then Antoine, embracing the scheme with enthusiasm, said, "I am with you. I will help you to select, but I will do more. I will produce each year a certain number of plays for you, and I will go further: in order to give a stimulus to the authors whom we cannot produce, but whose ideas, however imperfectly expressed, deserve recording, I will throw open the columns of my paper, *L'Information*, and there relate tersely plot, features, and the qualities of promising plays." What he exactly meant by that remains to be seen.

As yet the whole scheme is in embryo, and, leaving alone the question of newspaper synopses, which seems debatable, is the combination of Antoine-Wolff not one that commends itself to our leaders of the theatre?

Suppose Reandean, of whom by force of capital and the experience of Mr. Basil Dean much may be expected, were to surrender one of their theatres entirely to the new generation, would not that be the first channel towards clearance of the sluggish waters of our dramatic production? At present the aspirant playwright has but three helpmates—his own resources; two or three *théâtres à côté*, such as the Pioneers, Stage Society, and the Independent; and two or three Repertory Theatres in the provinces, which, in order to live, have to feed to a great extent on London successes. What does this outlet signify in a World Empire? Is it not time that we should wake up and cease to let sleeping dogs lie?



IN A FRENCH REVOLUTION DRAMA PRODUCED AT BERLIN: HERR WERNER KRAUSS AS ROBESPIERRE IN "DANTON," AT THE GROSSES SCHAUSPIELHAUS.

The climax of the play is the trial and condemnation of Danton by Robespierre and his party, presented with intense realism in Reinhardt's new circus-theatre.

Photograph by Zander and Labisch.



"OTHELLO" AT THE NEW THEATRE: THE ARREST OF IAGO—MISS HILDA BAYLEY AS DESDEMONA; MR. MATHESON LANG AS OTHELLO; AND (NEXT TO RIGHT); MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS IAGO.

Mr. Matheson Lang's revival of "Othello" is given as a matinée on Wednesdays at the New Theatre, where "Carnival" is played in the evenings and at Thursday and Saturday matinées.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

A FRENCH REVOLUTION PLAY DURING A GERMAN REVOLUTION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZANDER AND LABISCH.



GERMANS ENACTING THE TRIAL OF A GREAT FRENCHMAN WHO PREVENTED THE PRUSSAINS OF HIS DAY FROM RESTORING THE FRENCH MONARCHY: THE CLIMAX OF "DANTON," IN REINHARDT'S GROSSES SCHAUSPIELHAUS, BERLIN.

It was a remarkable coincidence that, while a "monarchist" revolution was raging in Berlin, its latest and greatest theatre should be presenting a drama of the French Revolution. This, as we note elsewhere, was the first production on any stage of Romain Rolland's play "Danton," representing the tragic end of the man who, in 1792, inspired his countrymen by his eloquence to drive back the Prussians when they sought to restore the French monarchy. Danton voted for the death of Louis XVI. in 1793, and was one of the Committee of Public Safety. In the Convention he led the party known as the "Mountain" (from its high benches) against the Girondins. Then he fell a victim to

intriguers, who persuaded Robespierre to side against him. Danton was tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal on April 2, 1794, and, when his eloquence moved the people, he was condemned to death without further hearing, and executed three days later. The photograph shows Herr Paul Wegener (with uplifted arm) as Danton during the trial scene, in Reinhardt's new amphitheatre, the Grosses Schauspielhaus, where the play has been given a highly realistic and sensational setting. The theatre is so arranged, in circular form, that many of the players forming the crowd present at the trial practically mingle with the audience.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IF the advocates of "prolet-cult" ever get their own way in this country, we shall not even be allowed to read translations of Greek and Latin authors. Even the spectacle of Mr. H. G. Wells, rattling his Bohns at us as a proof that he knows all that is worth knowing of Ancient Greece and Rome, will cease to add to the gaiety of scholars. The truth is that the political extremists who propose a "Dictatorship of the Proletariat"—without having the remotest idea of the meaning and significant history of the terms *Dictator* and *Proletarius*—look upon the wisdom of the ages as a fortress of the governing classes which should be utterly destroyed. These barbarians from below would be as eager to destroy libraries as were the barbarians from without who wrecked the imposing fabric of the Roman Empire when it was no longer Roman, the central city being occupied by a mongrel work-shy mob subsisting on the *panem et circenses* (the modern equivalent would be fully-subsidised bread and free League football) doled out by an alien autocracy. It is not surprising, however, that even Ruskin College students (who go to Oxford for propaganda work and to seize the shadow, rather than the substance, of historical and economic knowledge) would like to see all study of the classics abolished—at any rate until such time as they themselves are a governing caste and clearly entitled to a monopoly of all existing information as to the art and science of governance. For Greek and Latin literature shows how extreme democracy runs its destined course, ruining nations and wrecking civilisation at the long last.

Even the politics and history of the past are but dimly seen in the best of translations. The emotional atmosphere is inevitably lost in the process of transmutation from one language to another, and only the logic of circumstance remains. But men are not ruled by logic, as Jowett told the peers and paupers who were his favourite pupils; and least of all by the logic of circumstance, the hard syllogisms that break the heads of mankind. If, however, the race of scholars is starved out of existence—to-day they are worse paid than navvies and coal-heavers—a world without Greek and Latin will have to depend on such conscientious undertakings as the Loeb Classical Library for its knowledge of the civilisations, more like than unlike our own, which centred about the Mediterranean. This excellent Library of translations is the work of the best living scholars, who can be relied upon for the rigorous accuracy which is too often, unfortunately, incompatible with vigour of interpretation. "MARTIAL: EPIGRAMS" (William Heinemann; Vol. I., 7s. 6d. net), by Walter C. A. Ker, M.A., is the latest volume in the series. Mr. Ker does not attempt the impossible, but fascinating, task of providing us with verse translations, nor does he take the alternative course of collecting the best versions extant, most of which are French—in point of fact, French is the only language in which the picturesque brevity of Martial's wit can be adequately rendered. The best translations in English verse are clumsy and diffuse in comparison with the original. Take, for example, the famous

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec
possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere,
non amo te.

The equally well-known English equivalent, which has the merit of keeping the repetitions, is—

I do not love thee, Doctor
Fell,
The reason why I cannot
tell.
But this I'm sure I know
full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor
Fell.

But the terseness and vividness of Martial's style

make it at times quite impossible to secure a rendering which shall be neat as well as accurate. And even the most celebrated commentators often fail to bring out the point lurking in some picturesque phrase like a thorn under a rose. Thus, in an epigram which Pliny must have had in his mind when he spoke of the *candor* of Martial's world-famous style, a rival's epigrams are described as *cerussata candidiora cute*. Here the epithet *candidiora* does double service, the comparison being with the physical feature of a white-leaded skin (an unhealthy device of Roman professional beauties, both female and male) and also with the epigrammatic

is so often the soul of wit, vanishes altogether and we get only the anatomised corpses, as it were, of Martial's witticisms. Martial thought that *jocosa carmina* cannot please without prurience, and his efforts in this mode are often unspeakably foul. But why Mr. Ker should give us Graglia's Italian prose versions of these foul trilles is a bit of a puzzle. However, Martial, even in plain, pedestrian English, is a living and lively gossiping guide to every phase of Roman life in the first century after the birth of Christ, when the seeds of corruption were already at work in the body politic of the first great world-empire. For example, he depicts with infinite detail the discomfortable life of a man of letters who has to live up three steep flights of stairs even when he is already accepted as society's favourite jester—a person to be treated politely lest he should hold you up to the ridicule of all other men (or women) about town. For thirty-five years he led the life of a needy client dependent on rich—often newly-rich—patrons, and he never ceases to complain of the weariness of attending levees early in the day, of complimentary duties to be discharged in all weathers, and of the stupid insolence and fierce stinginess of the prevailing millionaires. He harps on the contemptuous hospitality of rich men who ate and drank better food and wine than their guests, recruited from the "New Poor" of those far-off days. He has had his revenge, however, for the *nouveau riche* or profiteer of eighteen centuries ago survives in the clear amber beads of his epigrams like a tiny noxious insect. One remarkable feature of this social historian with a flashing dark lantern is his ignorance, or indifference, as to the lot of the workers in city and country, the vast majority of whom were slaves. And he ignores the occluded influence of Christianity, which was already working for the moral generation of a world that seems to us a cesspool of hideous immorality—at any rate, so far as cosmopolitan Rome was concerned. Here, then, is a social history of Imperial Rome which now and again seems to mirror in wondrous wise the age and place in which we ourselves are now living. But the man of letters, having exchanged the patron for the Public, is far better off than he was in Martial's days.

Much more interesting to me than such super-Bohns as Mr. Ker's painstaking book are the valiant attempts to give to English readers some impression of the ageless and indefinable beauty of alien poetry. In "MORE TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE" (Allen and Unwin; 3s. 6d. net), by Philip G. L. Webb, C.B., we get but vague echoes of the music-and-irony of the one poet who could eliminate the umbilical drone-note from German verse. Mr. Webb is most successful when Heine is simply humorous, as in his onslaughts on the German professor—

He'll gather together life's
various matters,
And a logical system con-
struct from the scraps;
And with his night-cap and
night-gown tatters
He'll patch up the uni-
verse, if there are gaps.

But the easy flow of the lucid diction is almost always lost. "SAPPHO" (Chatto and Windus; 3s. 6d. net), by H. de Vere Stacpoole, is a more happy effort to achieve a still more difficult task, that of conveying to Greek-less loons some glisk of the fascination which made Sappho "the poetess" as Homer was "the poet" to all the generations of Hellas. Mr. Stacpoole's versions are spontaneous and pellucid and touched with an ardent romanticism which reflects, now and again, the bright intensity, light and delight from within, that causes the tiniest fragment of Sappho's verse to resemble radium.



THE ARCHITECTURAL INTEREST OF BYLAND ABBEY: AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE RUINS. SHOWING REMAINS OF DOORS AND WINDOWS.

style which contains both wit and gall. Again, in another epigram he speaks of the *viva quies ponti*, which, conversely put, is precisely Tennyson's "such a tide as moving seems asleep." But Martial uses only three words to our English Virgil's seven—a difference which measures the lack of conciseness in an analytical, as compared with a synthetic, language, and helps us to appreciate the difficulty of creating poetical transmutations of Latin and Greek masterpieces.

Mr. Ker's prose versions are accurate enough, but have no literary value—so that the atmosphere, which



HISTORIC YORKSHIRE RUINS PRESENTED TO THE NATION: BYLAND ABBEY—A TWELFTH-CENTURY CISTERCIAN FOUNDATION.

Byland Abbey, near Coxwold, one of the famous Cistercian abbeys of Yorkshire, has been offered to the guardianship of the Office of Works. It is the property of Lady Julia Wombwell.

SHELLED IN 1914; NOW PRESENTED TO THE NATION: WHITBY ABBEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITH AND CO.



THE HOME OF THE POET CAEDMON IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY: THE RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY, PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY MRS. TATTEN WILLOUGHBY.



DESTROYED BY THE DANES IN 876; REBUILT IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY: WHITBY ABBEY.

Whitby Abbey has been handed over by its owner, Mrs. Tatten Willoughby, to the Office of Works as a gift to the nation. The historic ruins, which form a dominant landmark on a high cliff, were damaged by shells from a German cruiser on December 16, 1914, when Scarborough and the Hartlepoons were also bombarded. The Abbey was founded about 658 A.D. by St. Hilda, whose ghost is said to appear there, "always in a blaze of



SHELLED BY A GERMAN CRUISER ON DECEMBER 16, 1914: WHITBY ABBEY—A NEARER VIEW OF THE REMAINING ARCHES.

sunshine." In the monastery died, in 680, the poet Caedmon, to whose memory a Saxon cross was erected in 1898. The original building was destroyed by the Danes in 876, and was rebuilt soon after the Norman Conquest. The central tower fell in 1830, but remains of the chancel, nave, and north transept show its former splendour. Byland Abbey, Yorkshire, has likewise been presented to the nation, and is illustrated elsewhere in this number.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

A PLETHORA of works of art is filling the market just now. Minor collections on all hands are coming up for dispersal, and there is a process of weeding-out going on in those better known, whose owners find expensive town houses too great a drain on diminished resources. Furniture and tapestries, pictures and porcelain, all succeed one another under the hammer in a brilliant procession of *objets d'art* both ancient and modern.

Record prices are being established as precedents. Recently a Jacobite glass bowl engraved with a rose and two buds, with the word "Revirescit," realised £395.

If Samuel Pepys could renew his peregrinations in London and cross St. James's Park from Whitehall to Messrs. Christie's Rooms, he would find the silver plate of his own day being eagerly sought after. Much of it has lain *perdu* during the war, as did Pepys' own silver during the Great Fire of London in 1666, when he sent off his money and plate and best things to Bethnal Green to Sir W. Rider, and then he and Sir William Penn dug a hole in the garden in which they put their "wine and Parmezan cheese."

A Charles II. porringer and cover with shaped sides, and embossed with camel, stag, and other animals, eight inches in height, with handles moulded with beading and female busts, fetched £240—that is, at 136 shillings per ounce. A Charles II. toilet service embossed with classical subjects and battle scenes on a matted ground, consisting of a mirror and octagonal casket and toilet pots and bowls and covers, and pincushion and brush-backs, in date 1673, with the makers' marks, "A.M." and "T.D.," fetched £600. All this might have put Pepys into a bad temper, for he thought the wages of a "cookmaid at four pounds a year" were high, and a "painted portrait" cost him twenty-five pounds.

At the same sale of the silver plate of Lord Gosford by Messrs. Christie some of the late eighteenth-century Irish silver made good prices. It ought to have made more, because in artistry it often excels contemporary English plate. The work of R. Calderwood (Dublin), 1750, and William Homer (Dublin), 1771, brought £38 and £40 for a pair of

Collectors of silver are notorious specialists. To one Queen Anne or nothing; to another early Georgian, never coming later than the end of George II.—to him George III. is taboo. To a third porringers claim sovereignty over his purse; another devotes a lifelong energy to hunting down Apostle spoons.

From the collection of the late Major Storer comes a fine Sir Joshua portrait of Admiral Augustus Keppel. Reynolds painted several portraits of Admiral Keppel, but this, apparently, has gone hitherto unrecorded. Two authentic Raeburns, from the collection of Charles



A REYNOLDS PORTRAIT HITHERTO UNRECORDED: SIR JOSHUA'S "EARLIEST AND MOST FIRM FRIEND," ADMIRAL AUGUSTUS KEPPEL. (29½ BY 24½ IN.)

"Sir Joshua Reynolds painted several portraits of Sir A. Keppel, but this portrait seems, so far, to be undescribed."

From the Collection of the late Major A. M. Storer. By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

H. Holme, Esq., General the Hon. William Stuart and his brother the Hon. Charles Francis Stuart, are worthy of consideration, and add distinction to the announcements of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The former, the General, lost an arm at Quatre Bras. He was born in 1778 and died in 1837.

Drawings by masters old or new exhibit the quintessence of their art. At the moment that they made the drawing their genius was at white heat. They either exhibit the naked scaffolding of maturer pictures, or flashes of genius never followed up. In either case they are exceptionally valuable. The drawings are the rough shorthand notes, and give posterity a peep into the mind of the great creator. Sometimes the drawings are as a vivid flash of lightning and blind the spectator with their rapidity. The great art public are concerned only with the lower note of the finished result. But oftentimes the finished result is flatter and tamer. It is genius in restraint. The national collections at the State Museum at Amsterdam of the Dutch masters, at Berlin and Vienna of the German school, at Paris, at Madrid, and at the British Museum have absorbed most of the masterpieces. Lord Lansdowne (the third Marquis) must have had well-informed judgment behind him to collect the ex-

amples now coming under the hammer. It was like laying down wine, and it has come off. It is an *embarras de richesse* for collectors. Thrown on

the market it impels attention. It is an event. One wonders who the happy possessors may be. The very persons to whom such treasures appeal are no longer bidders but are sellers. All the museums are hampered by want of funds. Profiteers have not yet come to the standard of drawings by old masters. Where else is the public, short of impoverished Europe, but in America? The Old World transfers its treasures to the New. Once Spanish galleons sailed with untold wealth eastward across the Atlantic, and now the tide turns westward. European treasures find a home in Boston or New York or Chicago. After all, we speak the same language, the tongue of Shakespeare, however much debased by common usage.

The Lansdowne collection embraces a fine set of Boucher in nude and semi-nude studies. A Hans Holbein head, once in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, attributed to Durer, shows a want of exactitude of former artists in regard to attribution. A Rembrandt "Study of a Man" is a fine effect in rapid delineation of character. Rubens is represented by a "Young Woman" and a "Bearded Man." Ter Borch, with heads of two "Old Women," illustrates his technique. W. Van de Velde, with a slight sketch of ships and a "Calm Sea with Ships," in pen and India ink washed, and in reed pen and bistre-washed, exhibits a power not equalled by Turner in rendering atmosphere and poetry. Cornelius Visscher has a "Head of a Young Man" which portrays character equal to a finished portrait. Vandyck's "Mounted Soldier" in pen and bistre work, although suggesting Velasquez, has a character of its own.

The Heseltine collection should not go unrecorded, with an array of Constable sketches and two fine drawings by Downman in black chalk and wash of Captain Downman and his wife. To lovers of furniture, a Hogarth sketch, "The Card Players," should be illuminating as to the furniture of the Hogarth period. To skip a century, the drawings of Millais, in the same collection, for "Once a Week," offer possibilities to the collector who is not tied to tradition. A "Girl Kneeling at a Table" represents great design. But collectors have foibles and fancies, and sometimes



INTERESTING TO LOVERS OF FURNITURE: "THE CARD PLAYERS"—A PENCIL DRAWING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH. (7½ BY 7½ IN.)

From the Heseltine Collection. By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

sauce-boats and £122 for a pair of salvers, as against a tea-tray by the better known English craftsman Paul Storr, in 1809, which realised £166.



VANDYCK'S STUDY IN OIL FOR A PICTURE NOW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A MAN ABOUT TO MOUNT A HORSE. (10 BY 9 IN.)

From the Lansdowne Collection. By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

the seemingly small, but really great, escape notice till another occasion. But sooner or later the work of genius wins its guerdon.

LIFE IN A NEW EUROPEAN STATE: CZECHOSLOVAKIA—COSTUMES.

By COURTESY OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK INFORMATION BUREAU AT BRATISLAVA.



PICTURESQUE PEASANT COSTUMES AT VAJNOR, IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: AN ENGAGED COUPLE.



BRIDAL COSTUMES AT DOBRENIVA: A MARRIED COUPLE—BACK VIEW.



A MARRIED COUPLE AT DOBRENIVA: THE SAME PAIR AS IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



SUGGESTIVE OF MUSICAL COMEDY: COSTUMES WORN ON SUNDAYS AND FEAST DAYS—A GROUP AT VAJNOR AFTER CHURCH PARADE.



"THE MARVELLOUSLY EMBROIDERED GARMENTS OF THE WOMEN": A GAILY DRESSED GROUP AT DETVA, IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.



WITH "TOP-BOOTS" AND DECORATIVE ATTIRE: WOMEN AT VAJNOR.



IN SHEEPSKIN COATS AS WORN ALL THE YEAR ROUND: OLD PEASANTS AT VAJNOR.



AN INHABITANT OF DETVA (IN MAGYAR, GYETVA): AN OLD PEASANT.

Czechoslovakia, which only recently became a separate State, embodies Bohemia and Moravia, and part of what was formerly Northern Hungary. The costumes illustrated are, of course, worn only on special occasions. It is not easy to trace the exact localities to which they belong, owing to some of the places not being marked on maps, and to the variations in their names, as used in different languages. Thus, Detva, a small town some eighty miles north of Budapest, was called in Magyar, Gyetva. In his book,

"Hungary and the Hungarians" (published in 1908), Mr. W. B. Forster Bovill writes: "There is also a picturesqueness about the garb of the men which reminds one of comic opera. But behind all the eccentricities of apparel . . . and the marvellously embroidered garments of the women, one may easily discover the impress of a hardy race. The Slovak women are equally hardy, and seem impervious to all the extremes of heat and cold. In summer you may find the men wearing heavy sheepskin cloaks."

LIFE IN A NEW EUROPEAN STATE: CZECHOSLOVAKIA—DOMESTIC INTERIORS.

BY COURTESY OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK INFORMATION BUREAU AT BRATISLAVA



"THE WALLS HUNG WITH GAY-FLOWERED POTTERY": THE KITCHEN IN A WELL-TO-DO PEASANT'S HOUSE AT VAJNOR (GERMAN, WEINERD), NEAR BRATISLAVA (HUNGARIAN, POSZONY; AND GERMAN, PRESSBURG).

THE section of the Peace Treaty relating to the newly established Czecho-Slovak State says: (Article 81): "Germany, in conformity with the action already taken by the Allied and Associated Powers, recognises the complete independence of the Czecho-Slovak State, which will include the autonomous territory of the Ruthenians to the south of the Carpathians. Germany hereby recognises the frontier of this State as determined by the Principal Allied and Associated Powers and the other interested States. (Article 82) The old frontier as it existed on August 3, 1914, between Austria-Hungary and the German Empire will constitute the frontier between Germany and the Czecho-Slovak State. (Article 83) Germany renounces in favour of the Czecho-Slovak State all rights and title over the

(Continued opposite.)



DECORATIVE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: THE ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE AT VAJNOR.

portion of Silesian territory defined as follows; (details omitted here) . . . A Commission composed of seven members, five nominated by the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, one by Poland, and one by the Czecho-Slovak State, will be appointed 15 days after the coming into force of the present Treaty to trace on the spot the frontier line between Poland and the Czecho-Slovak State. The decisions of this Commission will be taken by a majority and shall be binding on the parties concerned. (Article 84) German nationals habitually resident in any of the territories recognised as forming part of the Czecho-Slovak State will obtain Czecho-Slovak nationality *ipso facto* and lose their German nationality." The section contains further provisions for which there is no space here.

These photographs come, apparently, from a district which is situated in what is now the south-eastern portion of the new State of Czechoslovakia, and was formerly in the north-western part of Hungary. The town of Bratislava (formerly known as Pressburg and, in Hungarian, as Poszony) stands on the Danube on the old boundary between Hungary and Lower Austria, some 40 miles east of Vienna. To the north rise the Little Carpathians. Vajnor, where the photographs were taken, is a village near Bratislava. Describing the

houses in a Slovak village in the Carpathians, Mr. W. B. Forster Bovill says, in his pre-war book, "Hungary and the Hungarians": "Peep inside, and you will find the walls hung with gay-flowered pottery, relics, many of them, of an old home art-industry now obsolete." The passage may not refer to the same district as that illustrated by our photographs, but there is obviously a family resemblance, as witness the decorative plates hung on the walls, both in the kitchen (shown in the upper photograph) and in the entrance below.

LIFE IN A NEW EUROPEAN STATE: CZECHOSLOVAKIA—VILLAGE HOUSES.

By COURTESY OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK INFORMATION BUREAU AT BRATISLAVA.



TYPICAL COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A VILLAGE STREET AT SPISSKA BILLE, IN THE SPISS DISTRICT—CLEAN WHITE WALLS SURMOUNTED BY PICTURESQUE OVERHANGING GABLE ROOFS.



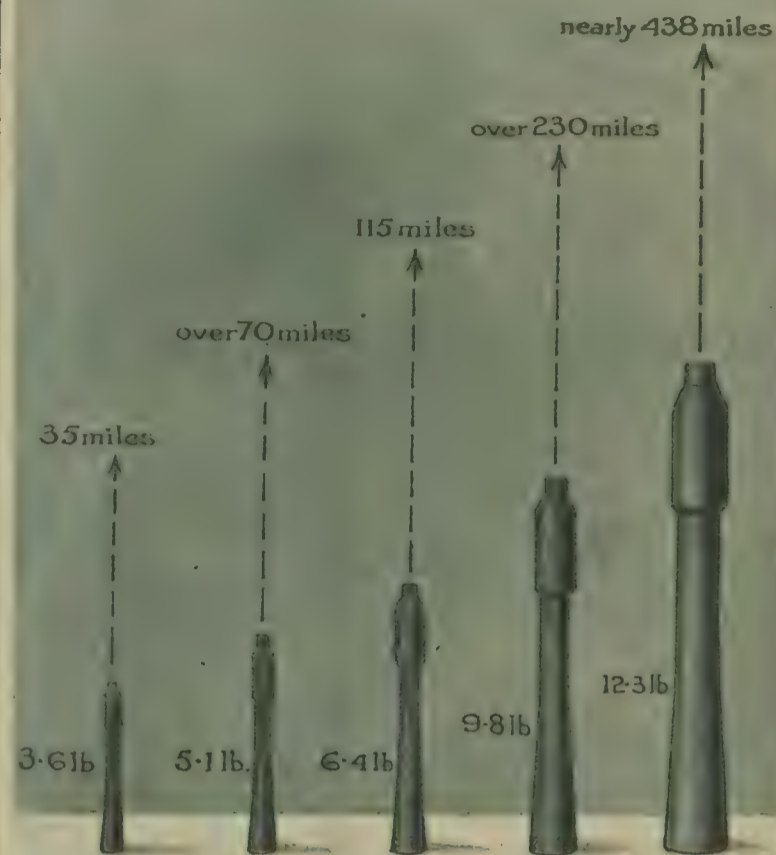
"WHAT PILES OF WHITE SQUARE PILLOWS; AND WHAT A FEATHER BED!" A BEDROOM IN THE COTTAGE OF A WELL-TO-DO PEASANT AT VAJNOR, NEAR BRATISLAVA—A DECORATIVE INTERIOR; THE CEILING BEAMS HUNG WITH CROCKERY.

The houses are described as "peasants' cottages," but the highly decorative interiors (shown above and on a previous page) suggest rather what we should call a prosperous farmer. We have already quoted Mr. W. B. Forster Bovill's book, "Hungary and the Hungarians" (written before the war). In his description of a Slovak village in the Carpathians, he writes: "One of its distinguishing features is a brook, which invariably runs as a dividing line through its irregular and uneven street. At first sight it would seem

that the population was composed of geese and women. . . . Contrast the hovels of the gipsies outside the village with the long, low houses ranged so evenly by the Slovaks. Peep inside, and you will find the walls hung with gay-flowered pottery. . . . What piles of white square pillows; and what a feather-bed! No fewer than sixteen geese have been sacrificed to supply that bed. In one corner stands a sewing-machine, never idle in the winter; whilst many houses boast of a loom."

TO EXPLORE SPACE—PERHAPS HIT THE MOON! A REPEATING ROCKET.

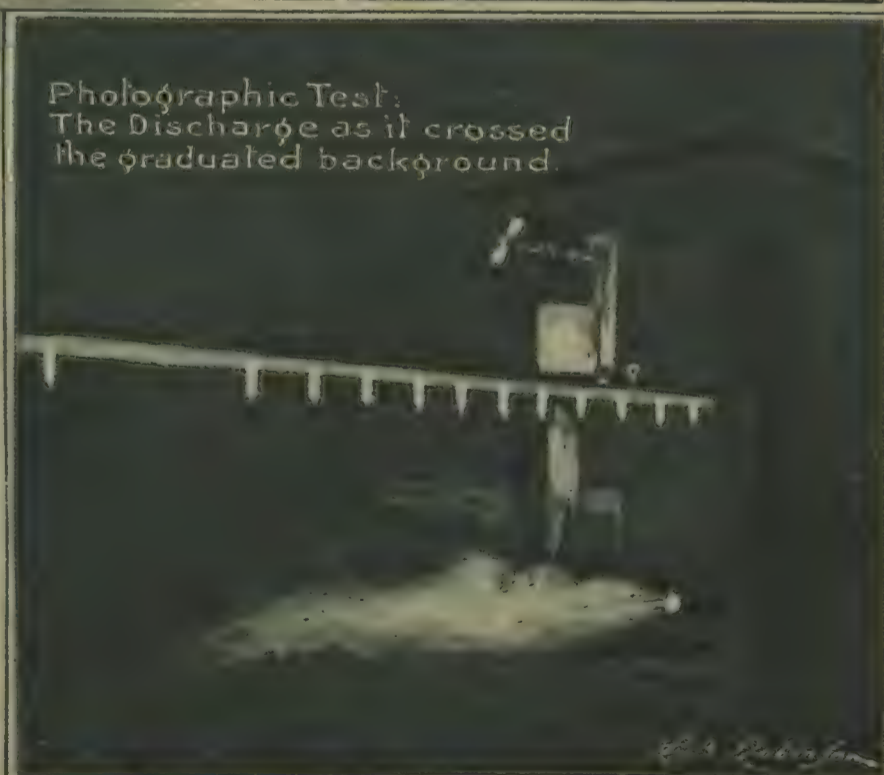
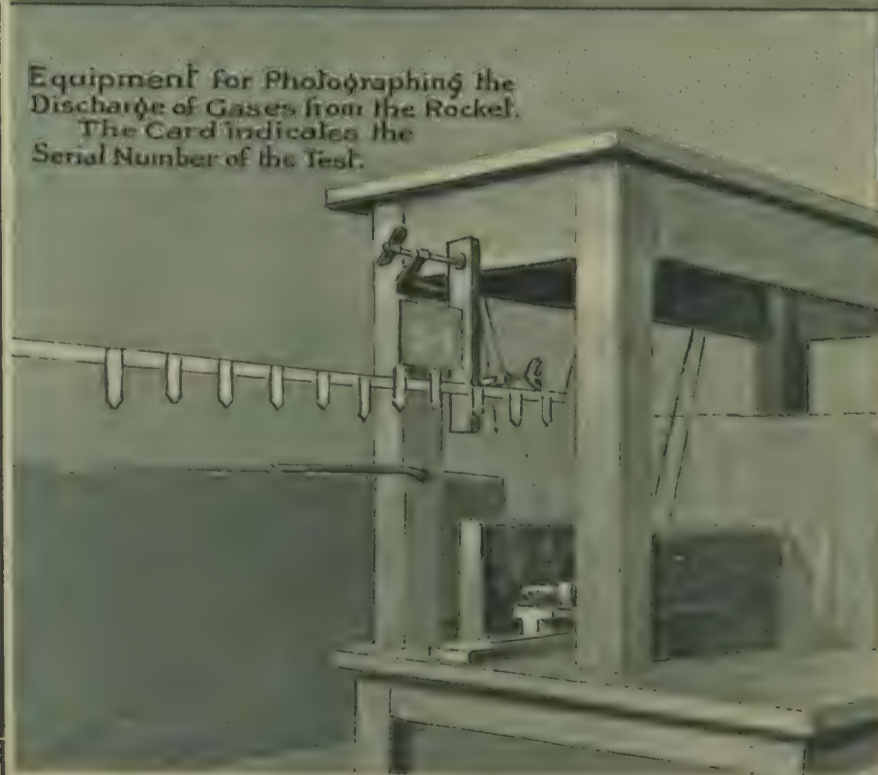
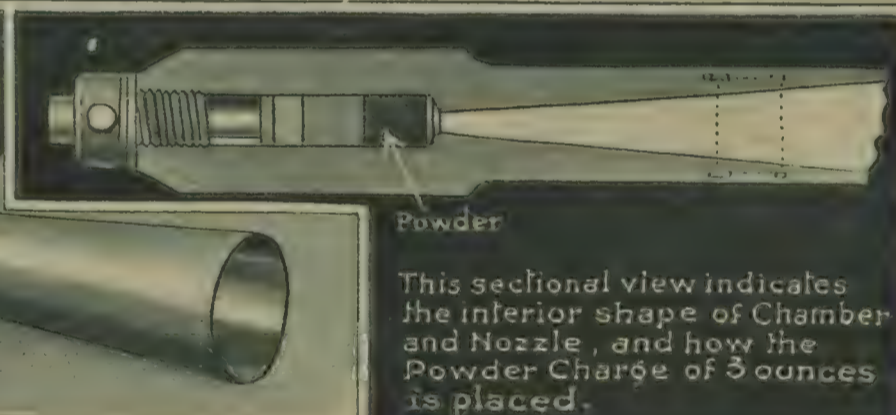
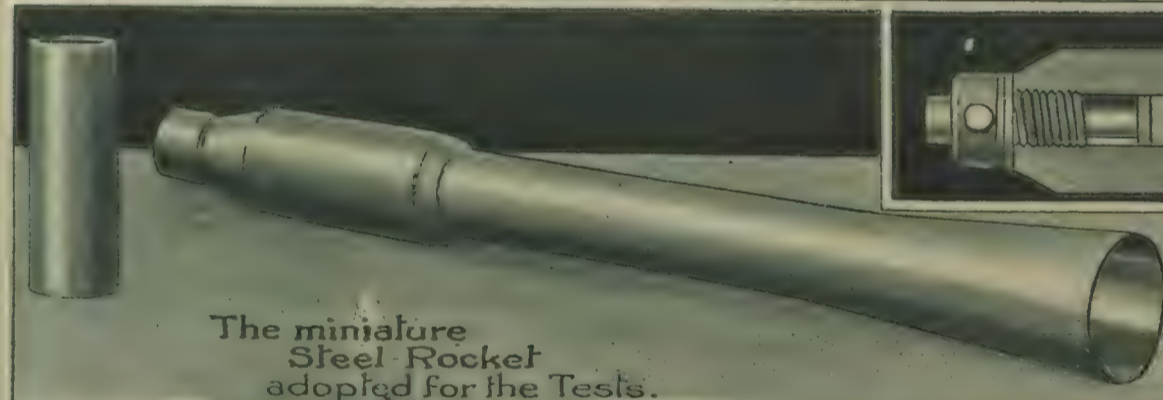
DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON AFTER ILLUSTRATIONS IN "POPULAR MECHANICS," BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



Figuring a fixed weight of one pound for the Recording Instruments carried it is calculated that an initial weight of only 3.6 lb, including Rocket Shell and Charges, will lift the whole equipment to a height of 35 miles; 5.1 lb to over 70 m, and so on.



The Rocket-Testing Equipment
The Rocket is set in the lower end of the Weighted Iron Pipe at the Top of the Stand, and the Recoil lifts the Pipe.



"A REPEATING ROCKET WITH AN INITIAL WEIGHT OF 1274 LB. WOULD ACTUALLY PASS BEYOND THE INFLUENCE OF EARTH'S GRAVITATION": PROFESSOR ROBERT H. GODDARD, AND HIS INVENTION.

The new rocket invented by Professor Robert H. Goddard, of Clark College, Worcester, Mass., for meteorological exploration, has caused much interest, and more scepticism. "Popular Mechanics" says: "The discharge gases issue from the special nozzle at the tremendous velocity of nearly 8000 ft. a second. . . . But the really startling feature is—the perfected instrument will be a repeating rocket. It will contain a series of powder charges that will explode in relay. . . . The 230-mile altitude is reached in less than 6½

minutes. . . . a repeating rocket with an initial weight of 1274 lb. would actually pass beyond the influence of earth's gravitation. . . . Aimed at the dark side of the moon, and provided with a heavy charge of flash powder . . . it might even serve to establish earth's first contact with its satellite. The practical value of the machine lies in its ability to bring back, from the upper atmosphere, information that science may desire. . . . Control of the speed of descent calls for only a simple arrangement of tiny parachutes."

AN INVESTITURE: THE DECORATION OF A POWERFUL NIGERIAN CHIEF.



SO COVERED WITH CEREMONIAL TRAPPINGS THAT HIS FACE IS INVISIBLE: THE ALAFIN OF OYO RECEIVES THE C.M.G.

Describing this photograph, a correspondent writes: "It was taken at the Investiture of the Alafin of Oyo, a large Province in Nigeria. The Alafin, who has always been loyal to England, is one of the most powerful Chiefs in the country. He was decorated with the C.M.G. by the Governor of Nigeria acting for the King. A great crowd of natives

attended. In the centre of the photograph is his Excellency Sir Hugh Clifford. On his right hand is the Alafin, so covered with ceremonial trappings that his face is invisible. On Sir Hugh's left hand is the Political Officer of the Province." The Investiture was held on December 15 last, at Oyo.

FROM SWORD TO PLOUGH: THE FRENCH "MOTO-CULTURE" EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



1. THE PRESIDENT AT THE SHOW: M. DESCHANEL INSPECTING THE BRITISH AUSTIN "TRACTEUR AGRICOLE."
2. INTERESTED IN A LITTLE MOTOR HAND-PLOUGH: VINE-GROWING "PETITS PROPRIÉTAIRES" AT THE SHOW.

France is much alive to the necessity for encouraging the fullest possible cultivation of the soil, the importance of beating her swords into ploughshares with all speed. Hence the extraordinary interest in farming with the aid of motor-tractors and other mechanical

3. A POPULAR TURN: A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.
4. A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: THE BIG ITALIAN FIAT.
5. A RESULT OF RACING-CAR AND TANK-MAKING EXPERIENCE: A PEUGEOT TRACTOR.
6. FROM WAR TO PEACE: THE RENAULT "CHAR D'ASSAUT" TURNED TO NEW USE.

contrivances, notably adapted Tanks, or, as the French call them, "Chars d'Assaut." So it was not surprising that there should be crowds of visitors to the Moto-Culture Exhibition in the Tuileries Gardens.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



IN THE GRIP OF WINTER: NIAGARA.

THE CANADIAN SIDE OF THE FALLS FROM ABOVE.

Niagara is a grand sight at any time—grandest of all, perhaps, when the gigantic Falls are in the grip of frost and snow, and huge icicles hang glistening in the sunlight. One of

the three bridges that span the river below the Falls is faintly visible in the left background of the photograph, which was taken on January 21 of this year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



AFTER THE BALL.

After a great fancy-dress ball, such as that of the Chelsea Arts Club at the Albert Hall the other night, it is always interesting to see the guests emerge in the early hours of the morning. A piquant feature of the scene is the delightful incongruity presented by the addition of a modern cloak or overcoat to every variety of fantastic attire.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



IN EARLY SUMMER: NIAGARA.

A VIEW FROM BELOW, SHOWING THE FOOTBRIDGE THROUGH THE SPRAY, WHICH IS AS THICK AS HEAVY RAIN.

The American Fall is 1060 ft. wide, and has a sheer descent of 167 ft. The Horse Shoe Fall, on the Canadian side, descends 158 ft. over a grand curve of rock measuring 3010 ft.

in width. The water is about 20 ft. thick, and the spray it throws up is like heavy rain. The edge of the Horse Shoe Fall recedes about 5 ft. each year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.

Merit by Climbing: A Pilgrimage to Hwa-Shan.

By MAJOR K. K. HORN, M.C.

ALTHOUGH my travels in China with Dr. J. A. C. Smith, whose knowledge of the interior is unrivalled, were undertaken with a sporting object rather than in a spirit of philosophic interest in customs or religion, my "pilgrimage" to Hwa-Shan remains one of my most interesting memories. Hwa-Shan, or the Mountain of Flowers, is one of the most remarkable of the Chinese sacred mountains. It is given up to the Taoist religion, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims every year. As the "Foreign Devil," on my way to shoot Takin, I had no thought of "acquiring merit" for the credit-side of my account in the next world, or pouring out prayers for the accomplishment of my heart's desires at one of the shrines which cluster on the mountain-side, yet I climbed the stone steps on the precipitous cliffs with as much ardour and determination as the thousands of pilgrims who yearly come to implore such varying boons as political advancement; the gift of a man-child; the death of an enemy, or the success of well-laid plans, believing all the while, one must add, that a little personal effort in the direction—such as the administration of poison to the rival whose demise is desired—will assist the workings of Providence. The Taoist God—even more than the Western Deity—helps those who help themselves.

The pilgrimage to the mountain is no light matter. Hwa-Shan is an irregular cone of limestone and granite rising out of the great Shensi plain. It is situated just south of the main road from Honan-fu to Sianfu, and is two-and-a-half days' journey from the latter town. The base of the mountain is 1200 feet above sea-level, and the great cone, with its two spurs, rises to between 6000 and 8000 feet. At the foot stands a fine rest-house, whose roof has sheltered Emperors and mandarins as well as the lowliest in the land, and tradition even speaks of one determined Chinese woman who, unmindful of the fact that Celestial femininity is not endowed with a soul, and scornful of the danger and difficulty of the climb, mounted the path which "winds uphill all the way" in order to pray for her heart's desire. It is, of course, obvious that if a woman really did make the ascent, she cannot have had bandaged feet, but one gives the story, as it is an interesting tradition.

Rest and refreshment are certainly needed to fill the pilgrim with strength to climb Hwa-Shan, for this is the ascent. The first half is a gradual slope, but the path lies up the bed and sides of a defile for three miles or more, and constantly crosses and recrosses a rushing mountain stream. In rainy seasons it must be impassable. At the end of the first mile, one passes one of the curios of the place—the Fish's Head—a huge monolith which stands, like a guardian of the mountain. It is said to have been brought down from miles up the valley at the time of a terrific downpour—perhaps the Flood of Biblical history, but more probably a cloud-burst some hundred years ago. At all events, it is shaped like a fish's head, and is provided with eyes and a gaping mouth.

As one proceeds up the mountain-side, one passes numerous little temples and shrines at which the faithful pilgrims burn incense and leave small offerings of cash. One of the most remarkable superstitions connected with the mountain is shown by the numbers of small twigs and sticks placed upright under overhanging rocks and boulders as if to support them from rolling over. These are placed

there by pilgrims as an offering, so that their legs and backs may not ache during the ascent.

At the Half-Way House there is a huge temple, and from this point the real climb begins. Pilgrims are advised by means of large Chinese characters cut out of the rock to turn back if faint-hearted, and the warning is certainly necessary, as only the determined and hardy pilgrim can hope to face the arduous road to the



A GOAL OF PILGRIMAGE: TWO SMALL TEMPLES ON ONE OF THE SUMMITS OF HWA-SHAN.

summit. After leaving the Half-Way House nearly the whole of the remaining three miles of ascent consists of steps cut out of the solid rock. In one place one goes up a perpendicular tunnel with chains on either side and steps cut to resemble a ladder. Here and there chains are fastened to the sides of the cliff face to help one up,

councils in the province as an act of virtue, and are stamped with the names of the subscribers and the amount contributed by each.

On the lower slopes of the mountain giant limestone rocks and granite boulders form the scenery, but, as one mounts, pine-woods clothe the mountain and small gardens in which the priests cultivate vegetables add a domestic touch to the scene. In June and July the Flowery Mountain deserves its name, for it is a blaze of brilliant-hued blossom, and the sheer beauty of the scene should work as an encouragement to the exhausted climber!

When the summit is finally reached one gets a wonderful view of the peaks, on which there are four or five temples. There is one small temple near the summit whose approach is specially perilous, as to reach it one must climb down the face of a precipice by a "ladder" of two chains with sticks stuck into the links. One descends for some forty feet, and then goes along the face of the precipice for thirty yards or more, walking along some insecure sticks which crack and groan and bend horribly as one goes gingerly along. This pathway of sticks is really a perilous one for the branches are laid on posts driven into the face of the precipice every twenty feet or so. There is no outside rail, merely a chain let into the cliff behind small notches. The Homeric pilgrim clings to this—his only support—while he looks down a drop of 1500 feet. This path of danger leads to a small temple cut out of the rock under an overhanging ledge, and those who reach it are supposed to have their requests granted without further propitiation of the gods, as a kind of reward for the physical valour which they have shown in risking their necks, but always leave something, as there is the return journey to be thought of.

The size of the temples on the summit—which are provided for the accommodation of pilgrims—proves how many devout Taoists are ready to scale the steep ascent; and the whole sacred mountain, with its shrines and statues, is a wonderful piece of work. The labour of cutting the innumerable steps and hewing the temples out of the solid rock must have been enormous.

Like everything in China, however, the place is in need of repair. Many of the shrines are empty of their images, and have no attendant priests to guard them. Paint is peeling from the statues; wood is decaying. There are, however, a very fair number of priests in residence, and as one ascends the mountain, the guardians of the different temples ask one to stop and take refreshment—tea, dried persimmons, walnuts, etc.—which one accepts and pays for by an offering to the image.

The whole life of the holy community of Hwa-Shan presents a strange picture to Western eyes. The pilgrims are numerous and come in a devout spirit—although some of the rich make an attempt to climb the mountain in comfort, and are carried up part of the way in chairs. Each man gives what he can, firmly believing that he will attain his desires as a reward, and no one appears to resent the dilapidated state of the temples or to imagine that the priests should keep them in better repair. The priests are, on



CUT OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SHRINES ON HWA-SHAN PASSED DURING THE ASCENT.

and are in places absolutely necessary, as the path is almost perpendicular and the steps are so narrow that one would be apt to fall over backwards if no support were provided. These chains were presented by different

the whole, a bad class, and their number is swelled by various fugitives from justice—political or civil offenders—who find sanctuary on Hwa-Shan and have lived there for years.

"ACQUIRING MERIT," OR ATTAINING THE HEART'S DESIRE, BY CLIMBING: A PILGRIMAGE TO THE FLOWERY MOUNTAIN.



BY STEPS CUT IN THE ROCK AND A HANGING CHAIN: DR. J. A. C. SMITH CLIMBING UP TO A SMALL SHRINE SHORTLY AFTER BEGINNING THE ASCENT OF HWA-SHAN.



CROSSING THE FACE OF A PRECIPICE UPON INSECURE STICKS WHICH CRACK AND GROAN AND BEND HORRIBLY: A PERILOUS PATHWAY TO A TEMPLE NEAR THE SUMMIT.



WITH A SHEER DROP OF 1500 FT. BELOW HIM: A CHINESE PILGRIM ON A LEDGE OF BRANCHES LAID ON POSTS, WITH A CHAIN LET INTO THE CLIFF AS HIS ONLY OTHER SUPPORT.

Hwa-Shan, the Flowery Mountain, is sacred to the Taoist religion, and is visited every year by thousands of pilgrims, seeking to "acquire merit," or attain their hearts' desires, by braving the perils of the ascent and making offerings at its numerous shrines. A picturesque description of the place is given in an article by Major K. K. Horn, M.C., late of the R.A.F., on another page in this number, with two further photographs. The central and right-hand photographs above illustrate the following passage. "There is one small temple near the summit whose approach is specially perilous, as to reach it one must climb down the face of a precipice by a 'ladder' of two chains with sticks stuck into the links. One descends for some 40 ft. and then goes along the face of the precipice for 30 yards or more, walking along some insecure sticks which crack and groan and bend horribly. The branches are laid on posts driven

into the face of the precipice every 20 ft. or so. There is no outside rail, merely a chain let into the cliff behind small notches. The pilgrim clings to this—his only support—while he looks down a drop of 1500 ft. This path of danger leads to a small temple cut out of the rock under an overhanging ledge, and those who reach it are supposed to have their requests granted without further propitiation of the gods, as a reward for the valour they have shown in risking their necks; but they always leave something, as there is the return journey to be thought of. The size of the temples on the summit proves how many devout Taoists are ready to scale the steep ascent." In the left-hand photograph Dr. J. A. C. Smith may be seen climbing near the foot of the cliff, a little to the right of the roof of the building in the left-hand lower corner.

LABOUR'S NEW VISION: "GUARDIAN OF THE WHOLE COMMUNITY."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOMICA



"A LABOUR GOVERNMENT . . . WOULD FIND ITSELF THE GUARDIAN AND PROTECTOR OF THE WHOLE COMMUNITY": MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., AS CHAIRMAN OF THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS, URGING POLITICAL ACTION RATHER THAN A STRIKE.

IN the course of his speech Mr. J. H. Thomas said: "The right to strike is the power which has raised the workers to the economic position they occupy to-day. It is a right which cannot be seriously challenged; but, like all power, the right to strike carries great responsibilities, and should not be exercised lightly, nor impulsively. . . . Recent events point clearly to a general belief in the early possibility of a Labour Government, when our party would find itself the guardian and protector of the whole community, rather than the trustees of a section of the people. A policy to obtain a temporary advantage against those now in power and elected by the people would be an excuse for retaliation against those who were its sponsors. The policy of defying the Constitution was advocated in connection with Ireland by some of those now in authority, but no party has denounced such methods more than our own. If it were wrong for others, who represented another class or party, it cannot be right now by merely changing the label. . . . Political action has not failed; it has never yet been tried. Labour has not yet returned to Parliament the number of Members its voting strength warranted. Trade unionists have not in the past used their political power as intelligently as they might; too often have they allowed jealousies and differences to nullify their great power

(Continued opposite.)



A GREAT LEADER WHO SEES THAT THE INTERESTS OF LABOUR ARE NATIONAL AND NOT SECTIONAL: MR. J. H. THOMAS ARRIVING.

(Continued.)

and influence to obtain political economic freedom. What right, then, I ask, have we to call upon men and women to attempt to force the hands of the Government by action which could not fail to inflict upon the nation an industrial upheaval which would inevitably involve bloodshed, whilst not necessarily achieving our object, when a more simple, less costly, and certainly not so dangerous a remedy is within our reach? The great rank and file by whose confidence we hold our position are expecting, and, indeed, are entitled to, a lead. They must be shown that the one sane road is to use independently and intelligently the power afforded by the Constitution—the most democratic in the world—which can gain for them all they desire. . . . A general strike must lead to serious consequences such as none can foretell, which would shake the country to its foundation. And this at a time when the country has emerged from a war which has left behind problems and difficulties the like of which have never been known before. Therefore, let us decide that we shall persuade our people to follow the one sure and solid road to freedom, the way of education of the mind, and of faith in our cause, that seeks, not to enrich the few at the expense of the many, but to provide a free and full life for all." The whole speech made a deep impression on its hearers.

Never has a stronger statement of the national, as against the sectional, interests and outlook of Labour been made than the admirable speech of Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, as Chairman of the Special Trades Union Congress held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on March 11. The object of the Congress was to decide between direct action (*i.e.*, a general strike) and political action (intensive political propaganda in preparation for a General Election), as alternative policies for the Labour Party. Each policy was voted on separately, and the result in

both cases was a huge majority in favour of political action. Mr. J. H. Thomas, in his opening address, part of which is quoted above, gave a strong lead in favour of constitutional methods, and he was supported by Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P. (General Workers), and Mr. Tom Shaw, M.P. (Textile Workers). Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, advocated direct action, and the minority in its favour in each division was composed of the miners (650,000 votes), the engineers (280,000 votes), and a few smaller unions. The voting, of course, was representative.

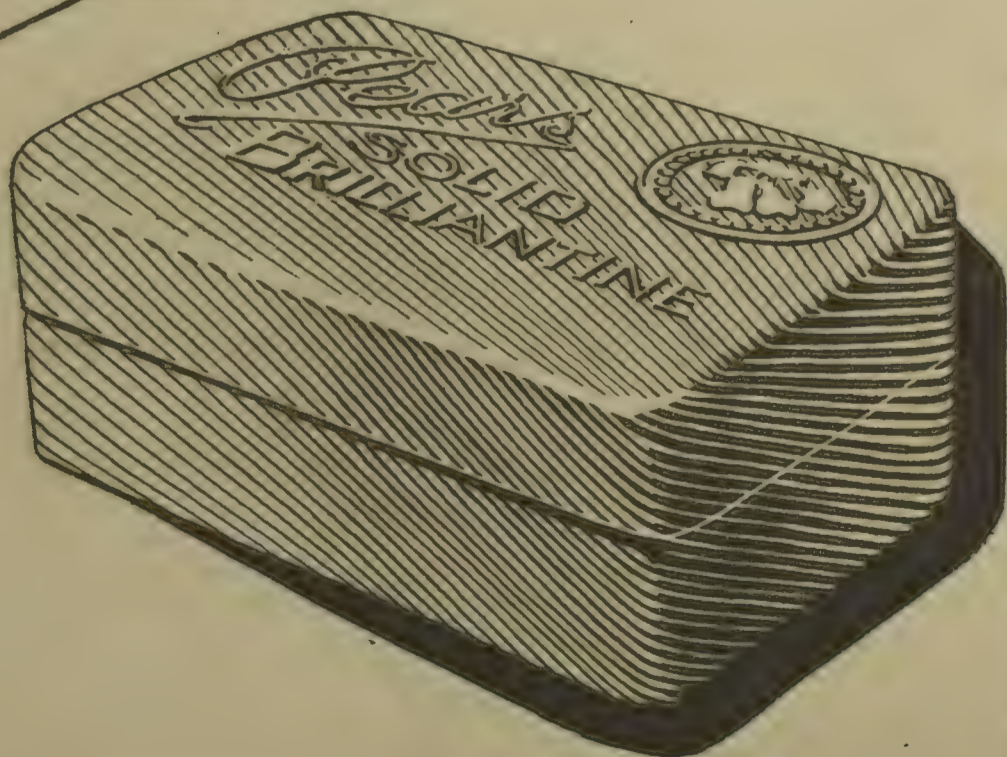
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NEW NOVELS.

"The Husband." Much stuff of sound quality is to be found in "The Husband" (The Bodley Head). If it is not a work of genius, it is at least a novel of some distinction. Mrs. Anstruther's art is not a narrow one, and it encompasses both the working out of several complex characters to their fit and proper ending—



THE ALLIED OCCUPATION OF UPPER SILESIA DURING THE PLEBISCITE:
GENERAL GRATIER REVIEWING FRENCH TROOPS IN KATTOWITZ.
Photograph by Frankl.

only in life complex characters seldom have any finality but the dissolution of death or failure—and the knack of throwing them into relief by the light and shade of a background. The little Norwood villa, with its aunts and its Poms, is used with an unusual aptness to show off Penelope in the mid-mazes of her career. Mrs. Dennithorne's country house and neighbourhood, which are not described at any length, are extraordinarily well drawn in brief, and appear exactly as such a country house and such a neighbourhood would be. Mrs. Anstruther manages her details, indeed, with a conjurer's cleverness, working wonders with such trifles as a gas-stove, a staircase, and an armful of paper parcels in making up the atmosphere of a bachelor girls' flat in Chelsea. Her book is lightly furnished with descriptions—as Alice would have put it, there is plenty of conversation—but there is not a scene in

it that does not rise vividly before the reader's eyes. This craftsmanship is so pleasant to meet that the inclination is to emphasise it; but this is not intended to be to the disparagement of the interest of the plot, which is both active and well-sustained. Margery Dennithorne's illness is rather vague, perhaps, and Margery herself the sketchiest of the characters; but we have no fault to find with Penelope or Phoebe or Richard and his brother, except that we felt a faint surprise at the abruptness with which Larry was dismissed, and the rapidity with which the suffragist cum-artistic circle faded from the story.

"Susie." "Susie" (Duckworth) is the story of the eternal minx—or, to set her in a Shavian light, the eternal and predatory female. So, we may imagine, might Eve have behaved in the Garden of Eden, if there had been half-a-dozen Adams to receive apples from the Tree. Susie had no heart, nothing but a little kernel of shrivelled possibilities encased in her fascinating body, entrenched behind her delightful dimple. She was never herself, for the simple reason that there was no continuous Susie; but she was many people bearing a certain family likeness to each other. She was, as was once written of the female dog, "a carneying mass of"—deceit; and she was also beautifully innocent, having an absolute incapacity for real passion. "Susie" is by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall, who knows her through and through—and, of course, it takes a woman thoroughly to know her, though it must be admitted she met her match in Cyril Fulton. The book rambles along with many witty and amusing pages, and tells the sad tale of how the minx meddled with genius, and juggled with engagements of marriage, and told sad tales to wring pity from people of

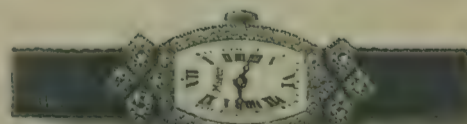
her own sex when her life became too complicated by Susyisms to be disentangled without some outside assistance. It is all trivial, because Susie was trivial; but we are not allowed to forget that she wrecked Charles Johnston's life, and that as she was so are all minxes, to-day, to-morrow, and until the world comes to an end. It is a solemn warning to young men of the marriageable age; but since the Susie breed shows no sign of extinction—and, indeed, flourishes in the land—we can hardly suppose that it will cease to beguile its victims.

Members of the Roman Church will find in "The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates) for 1920 all the customary information contained in that well-known volume, now in its eighty-third year of publication. A note records how in 1838 it superseded the "Laity's Directory," which had first appeared in 1793, as a companion to the "Ordo recitandi Divini Officii," first published early in the eighteenth century.



WITH ITS CAR NUMBER ON THE "WEST FRONT": A CHURCH ON WHEELS WHICH FOLLOWED THE ROUMANIAN ARMY DURING THE INVASION OF HUNGARY.

This unique church is built on a standard passenger railway-carriage frame. It was coupled to munition trains, and followed the Roumanian troops wherever they went, services being held in it whenever possible. Often it was used as a dressing-station by American Red Cross doctors tending Roumanian wounded.—[Photograph by Topical.]



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A MIND DISEASED.

WAR generally lays bare the weak spots in the organisation of societies, and it has done good service in bringing to light the defects in our treatment of the mentally diseased. A great part—some say as many as 25 per cent., but the figure is not to be depended upon—of the three million men just demobilised from our land and sea armies are found to be suffering from the upset of their mental balance which we call neurasthenia, shell-shock, or any other name which may happen to be fashionable. Of these, a small proportion, owing probably to a bad family history or some other predisposing cause, are so seriously damaged as to render them dangerous to the rest of the community—a fact of which our police reports bear daily witness. The greater part, however, require rest, segregation from daily cares, and, if they can get it, skilled treatment for a longer or shorter period, before they can usefully return to civil life. Yet where are they to get these things? The answer at present given is: in a lunatic asylum.

Now, it is gradually dawning upon the public that the lunatic asylum, as at present conducted, is the worst place in the world for such cases. There the ex-soldier has to herd with declared lunatics, who are the very persons that he should most avoid, while his conversation with normal persons is cut down to the vanishing point. The attendants at such places, moreover, on whose services he is naturally dependent for his daily wants, are not drawn from the highest class of society, and have most of them been accustomed for years to look upon their charges as animals to be herded and fed rather than as human beings deserving sympathetic care. This does not argue any special villainy or callousness on their

part, because it is the attitude that normal man has throughout the whole course of civilisation adopted towards the mentally afflicted, as a perusal of our dramatists and novelists from Shakespeare to Sir Walter Scott should convince everyone. Nor can there be much doubt that in some cases—we will hope infrequently—this attitude

patients. These need not be taken as literally true, and in some cases it is easy to read between the lines that the brutalities there detailed are sometimes consciously or unconsciously provoked. The fact remains that they exist, and that they are the last things to which those who have fought for us should be exposed.

On the side of treatment, again, what chance has the nerve-shaken soldier in an asylum of receiving any? We should say hardly any, for truth compels one to say that it is well-nigh the last thing of which the medical officer of a lunatic asylum would think. Where such an institution is run for profit, the duties of its conductor are much more those of an hotel-keeper than of a healer of the sick. To see that the rooms are kept clean, that no infectious disease gains lodgment there, and that the inmates are sufficiently fed, is his chief care, while the greater economy—in the true sense of the word—involved in it, the greater will be the profit to himself and his employer. Nor is he troubled about diagnosis, for all that has been settled for him by legal process before the patient has been committed to his care. As to treatment, if successful, it would lead to the severance between him and the patient, or, if it could be applied on a large scale, to the depopulation of the asylum. It is by no means suggested that these considerations are perpetually present to the mind of the doctors in charge, but it is probable that, in the majority of cases, they prove the governing factor in their arrangements.

Is there any remedy for this state of things? The only one at present offering itself is that which

has already proved effective in our hospitals for bodily diseases. Let our asylums, or at first, perhaps, only our publicly supported asylums, become the training ground for those students of medicine who intend to specialise in mental ailments; and for that purpose let them be

(Continued overleaf.)



THE KING AMONG MEDICAL MASQUERADERS: HIS MAJESTY AT THE HOSPITALS' RUGBY CUP FINAL—WALKING THROUGH THE CROWD AFTER GREETING THE TEAMS.

The King attended the match between Guy's and Bart's in the final of the Hospitals Cup at Richmond on March 11, when Guy's won by 2 tries (9 points) to nil. His Majesty, accompanied by Lord Cromer, Lord Somerleyton, and Capt. Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, received an uproarious welcome from the medical students, many of whom were in fancy dress.

Photograph by C.N.

turns to sheer brutality. A weekly contemporary has lately opened its columns to letters from former inmates of asylums, which continue and amplify the evidence afforded by Stockton, Charles Reade, and other writers of fiction as to the conduct of asylum attendants towards their

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visited, and as far as possible conducted, by those alienists who are at the head of their profession. If we want a model for such a state of things, we need hardly look



A TRIBUTE TO THE SOLDIERS OF INDIA FROM THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE BRITISH ISLES: THE SILKEN UNION JACK AND SILVER SHIELD RECENTLY PRESENTED AT DELHI.

A ceremonial parade was held, on January 30, 1920, before the Imperial Secretariat Building at Delhi, for the presentation of the shield and banner given to the soldiers of India by the women and children of the British Isles, through the League of Empire. Maharajah Sir Pratap Singh made the presentation to the Viceroy (Lord Chelmsford), who said that the gifts would "remain as treasured heirlooms" in the Council Chamber. The guard of honour was formed of the 2-7th Gurkha Rifles, with Indian and British officers.

further than the Salpêtrière in Paris, which makes up 4000 beds, and where the studies, first of Charcot and then of his most worthy successor, M. Pierre Janet, have become famous throughout the civilised world. F. L.

POLAND AND THE POLES.

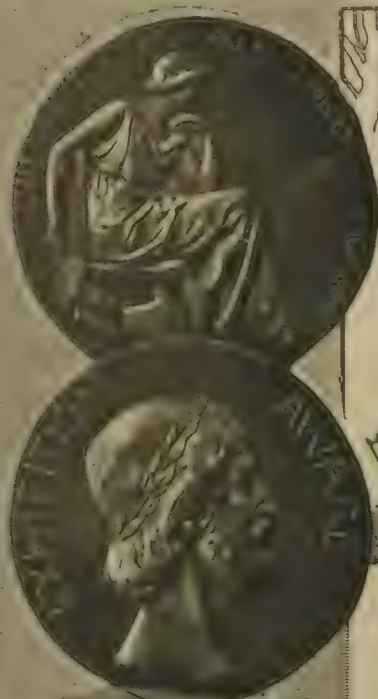
MR. A. Bruce Boswell tells us that he has made a study of Poland for many years, and resided in it for five of them. His volume on "Poland and the Poles" (Methuen) gives abundant evidence of intimate understanding of the country and its people. An enthusiastic admirer of both, he is largely concerned with correcting popular errors about both. Even now, after passing through the fiery furnace of the war, and coming forth an independent State, Poland is a *terra incognita* for most Englishmen. They have not realised, for example, its extent, which the author here brings vividly home by a few comparisons. Thus the former Polish State from north to south was about as far as from Edinburgh to Berlin, and from east to west as far as from London to Vienna. The notion of Poland as part of Russia has to be corrected by remembering that Warsaw, a central point in the former, is as far from Petrograd as it is from Aix-la-Chapelle, and as far from Moscow as from Flushing. It is, indeed, only half-way between Portsmouth and Nizhni-Novgorod. As with physical features, so with natural resources and the industries and commerce founded on these: they are not yet generally realised, and they cannot be without considerable painstaking. The Silesian coal-field, for example, is a fact which ought to be grasped as a whole; but for the reader who would work it, for its economic and other bearings on the fortunes of Poland, it lies, or at least until yesterday lay, within three distinct areas separated by political frontiers. Within each of these political areas, industry and commerce have had their own history and development, and, again, within the Kingdom of Poland alone are Lodz, its "Manchester"; Warsaw, its machine centre; Zyrardow with its cloth industry; Lublin with its distilleries, and so on. In a word, anyone who would understand the position of Poland must set to work

on a difficult geography and a complicated history, requiring for their study (among other things) a patient reference to maps. Even Mr. Boswell's book will not prove a royal road to this knowledge. But, read with some diligence, it puts us well on our way, and it is enlightening, further, on the character of the Poles themselves. Concerning their national traits, it is the author's main point that Germany, Austria, and Russia have been equally interested in spreading false ideas of these throughout Europe. Here, again, in the matters of Polish strength and culture, we must appreciate correctly the events of the past if we would understand correctly the possibilities of the future. Mr. Boswell, who incidentally explains the Frenchified Pole—*ce grand patriote*, a type now dead—controverses the Russian legend of tyrannical landlords and religious fanatics equally with the contradictory Russian picture of a nest of Jacobins, free-thinkers, and anarchists. On the attitude of the Poles to the Jews, and particularly of the resentment of the latter towards the rise of the Polish peasant and creation of a middle class where once Jews were the only middlemen, he is instructive. His estimates and predictions are those of



THE PRESENTATION OF THE BRITISH WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S GIFT TO THE SOLDIERS OF INDIA: SIR PRATAP SINGH HANDING THE SHIELD AND BANNER TO THE VICEROY, AT DELHI.

an admirer of Poland, and here and there may be partial, but generally they bear the stamp of truth, and they are clearly based on knowledge at first hand.



"Whirl with the Whirling World!"

"With adults, as with children, some enter cordially into the game, and whirl with the whirling world; others have cold hands and remain bystanders"—EMERSON.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THERE is something home-like, simple, natural, and friendly about the receptions held by Mrs. Lloyd George at 10, Downing Street. They take their character from a sincere hostess who is herself, among the many make-believes of this little round world. Dressed in a very neat coat and skirt of the just now ubiquitous black velvet,



A NEW FORM OF CAPE.

The cape has been with us—on and off—for a long time. To avoid monotony, however, Fashion creates that variety which greatly adds to the spice of clothes.

with a line of ermine down the front and a double frill of ivory-white net round the neck, and wearing a becoming black silk beaver hat with russet ostrich feathers round the crown, she stood at the head of the staircase and received every guest with a few friendly words. The Prime Minister came in for a bit and chatted cheerily with friends. When one meets him his personal charm becomes very apparent; when one observes him face to face, the quick intelligence and the kindly glance from his fine eyes, the size and shape of his head, make his leadership of men easily understood. There was no crowding; there was excellent, enjoyable, home music; and there were lovely flowers. Tea was served in the dining-room; the guests passed, after being received, to the double drawing-room. Afternoon parties are much more sensible than and quite as enjoyable as evening parties, and apparently are coming into fashion once more. One hopes, however, that those in Buckingham Palace and 10, Downing Street will not lead to large parties in small rooms, resulting in crushes that nobody likes.

Pussyfoot is not a welcome principle in the best regulated families. Those who are aware that self-control cannot be taught by law continue to enjoy their "S.M." and whisky or brandy as the case may be. Sparkling Malvern thus frequently takes the place of the traditional soda. It is the pure and health-promoting water from the Alpha Springs of Malvern slightly aerated. Then there are many hundreds of thousands of people who think more of good water as a beverage than of wine or spirits. For them Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, Ltd., The Springs, Malvern, supply incomparable water for drinking or for making tea withal. A sample dozen bottles will be sent for 7s. 6d., and 2s. will be refunded on a dozen of empty bottles returned. The analysis of this Alpha Brand Malvern water by celebrated men show it to be the very finest soft spring water anywhere obtainable. Its source is beyond the possibility of contamination. It is splendid where people suffer from indigestion; two or three glasses early in the morning or an hour or so after dinner form the best preventive of all internal troubles. Sir Henry Thompson says: "No foreign waters of any kind whatsoever are so pure and so cheap as those of the Alpha Malvern Brand."

The unsweetened world is feeling that sugar will for long be a rarity in the home, for our present ration is not enough to sweeten our tea or coffee, to say nothing of our tempers. There are compensations, of course, for, thanks to "Karo," we can still have sweet dishes. It is really

good stuff is "Karo," for it has the nourishing and energising properties of sugar in a more digestible form. Before we knew it, we were driven to the occasional use of syrup; but its cloying, heavy, and rather sickly taste limited our use of it, and soon even children rebelled. Karo has a delicate flavour, and, though sweet, is not cloyingly so. It is amber-clear, and can be poured—a great saving in use for cookery. Children love it on bread, and it is invaluable in making cakes, tarts, and sweet dishes of all kinds. It saves butter and jam, and the popular price is 1s. 7½d. for a two-pound tin. No house-mother can afford to be without "Karo."



A SMART HAT.

There is a great tendency in the fashion of the present day to wear hats off the face, and it is especially attractive for the more severe type of head-gear.

Mankind is said to be chuckling because it believes there is to be no house-cleaning this spring. Service is too short, and materials and labour are too expensive, it says. Bless mankind, it doesn't know womankind a little bit! What are we all studying now with the greatest comfort to our minds but Harvey Nichols' spring-cleaning scheme as set forth lucidly and clearly after special study by heads of departments of this subject so vital to the good house-mother? From decorations to carpets and rugs, Harvey Nichols have arranged to supply, at the lowest possible prices compatible with first-class materials and workmanship, every single thing necessary for a real, good, wholesome spring clean, resulting in a new, bright, cheery, happy outlook on life felt by man just as keenly as by womankind, only that he does not like the process by which it is attained, and she does. Harvey Nichols' celebrated house in Knightsbridge has done us all a service by placing our requirements for our spring campaign under separate heads, and for supplying us with the best at lowest cost, for that is what every woman wants.

A. E. L.

Feverish Conditions!

A marked weakening, and often a failure, of the digestive powers is one of the first effects of fevers.

Whether the case be one of Enteric (Typhoid) or the less severe yet dangerous Scarlet Fever, the prevalent Influenza, or the feverish condition accompanying a severe cold, Benger's Food is the medically recommended form of light diet.

Benger's Food provides a richly nutritious food in palatable form, so light and easy of digestion, that it can be absorbed by the patient when other foods are unsuitable and sometimes dangerous.



differs from all others in containing the means of natural self-digestion, and consequently it does the work which the weakened digestive organs of feverish and other sick patients cannot do. The preparation of Benger's Food (see directions on every tin) will be found of absorbing interest.

Benger's Food, as used in the British military hospitals throughout the world, may be obtained in tins of Chemists, etc. everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester.

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2½	x	3	" " "	152/-
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THE EPISTOLARY VEIN.

It is generally accepted as a fact that requires no further verification that the author of "Letters to X," Mr. H. J. Massingham (Constable), is a *littérateur*, to whom books, old and new, are "a natural and delightful pasturing ground," and no lover of books will quarrel with the assertion. "Letters to X," by Mr. Massingham, are witty and wise, scholarly, refined, and very human; hence the book's wide appeal to readers of refinement and broad sympathies, for it is rich in satire and in humour without acrimony, thoughtful comment, and cultivated taste, and gives the writer's views of the works of authors of long-dead centuries and of to-day with equal piquancy, knowledge, and broad humanity.

With charm and the knowledge which comes from sympathy with the weaknesses of humanity, and generous recognition of its strength, Mr. Massingham flits from subject to subject with exceptional ease and an unfailing sense of the kaleidoscopic variety which, as it were, equalises the traits of character that lend to men and women the sense of the dramatic always to be found in human life.

Mr. Massingham holds that mankind cannot be dragooned into learning what is good for it—though it can be, it seems, into experiencing what is bad for it. A thoughtful and sympathetic reader of his letters cannot fail to enjoy, too, the exceptional scope, and to wonder at the literary skill which can infuse so much colour and sense of actuality into work which is, primarily, of a purely analytical and reflective type. But Mr. Massingham is strong enough to be a law unto himself, and by that fortunate fact his readers are the gainers. It is, above all, a book to be read in leisurely fashion, if its essential wit, wisdom, and charm are to be appreciated.

The themes of most of the articles in the volume "Letters" on "Old Books," "More Old Books," and kindred subjects—with their quaint quotations from old time men and books, are delightful in their restfulness, the more so that they come to us in days of storm and stress, and afford varied "pasture" of wisdom and humour, roined whimsicality, and old-world leisure such as the most exacting reader can desire and cordially appreciate in these restless days. Those who like quiet charm in their reading will find it here.

CHESS.

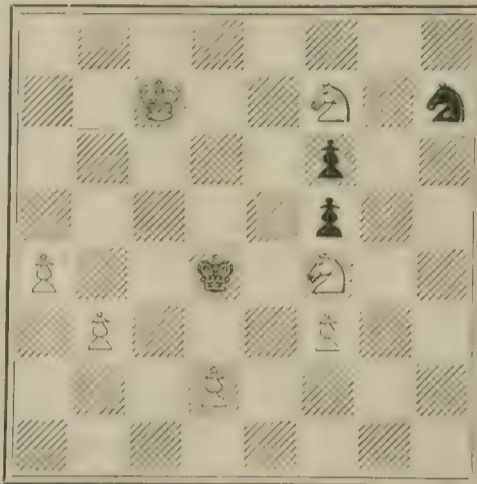
CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

C. M. S. Thomas (Amherstburg, Ontario).—We are much obliged for your communication, but too much space would be required for explanation if we made use of your ingenious diagrams.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Most acceptable, as are all your contributions.

LIEUT.-COL. F. L. NELSON (Philadelphia).—Perhaps you will have more respect for the ability of a lady composer when we point out to you that if in problem 3824 Black play 1.—P to K 4th, White mates by Q to K Kt sq. It is not often a problem in one move beats a clever solver.

PROBLEM No. 3832.—By H. F. J. L. MEYER.
BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3830.—By W. LANGSTAFF.

WHITE	BLACK
1. K to B 7th	K to Kt 5th
2. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to R 4th
3. Q to R 4th, Mate	

If Black play 1. K to K 5th 2. Q to K 3rd (ch); and if 1. P to B 4th, then 2. Kt to K 3rd, etc.

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CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Brighton in the preliminary contest for the Sussex Championship between Messrs. A. A. BOWLEY and R. E. LEAN.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q takes Kt P	R to K B sq
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K 2nd
3. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	14. B to Kt 5th	Q to R 4th
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	15. P to B 5th	Kt to B 4th
5. B to Kt 2nd	B to K 3rd	16. Q takes R P	B to K 4th

Kt takes Kt, as played by Pillsbury, seems the better reply.

6. K Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd
7. Castles	B to Q B 4th
8. Kt to R 4th	B to Q 3rd
9. P to Q 4th	

A strong move, which is not well countered by Black.

9.	P takes P
10. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
11. Q takes Kt	P to Q B 3rd

Black must now pay the penalty of either a piece or a pawn, as well as a compromised position. On the other hand, White is pressing an attack with insufficient force, and is skating on the edge of very thin ice.

Threatening to win the Queen by R to R sq.

17. Q to R 5th	Q takes Kt
18. Q R to Q sq	R to R sq
19. Q to K 2nd	B to B 2nd
20. K R to K sq	Q takes P
21. Q to K 4th	Q to Kt 6th

If now Kt to K 2nd; 22. Q to Q 4th, K R to Kt sq; 23. B takes Kt, K takes B; 24. Q to Q 7th (ch), with a winning game.

If 22. Q takes Kt, Black equalises by Q takes R, etc.

22.	Kt takes P
23. B P takes Kt	Q takes P
24. Q to B 5th	Resigns

A lively and keenly fought game.

The new movement towards dancing to really good music is one in a delightful direction. A man who has spent his life in America and in many parts of it expressed himself as amazed at modern dance music. It is, he said, such as he was familiar with years ago in saloons out West. Even there it is now very much better. Also it savours strongly of nigger dance-music. It is now proposed by some of the leaders of the social world to dance to the music of Chopin, Mascagni, Puccini, Weber, and many other masters of music. It is very apparent that people dance very well now; the matter has been made a study of more than for many years past. One cannot regard the normal performances at a ball as in any way a fine expression of Terpsichorean art, but it is good dancing—far better in its way than the music usually played for it. Lady Birkenhead is leading off with dancing to real music next week. Already there are many enthusiastic supporters of this cult.

Edward FitzGerald, of "Omar" fame, is not usually remembered as a dramatist; but he wrote a historical play called "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of." An interesting vocal recital of the piece was given in the Ethical Church, Bayswater, on Sunday, March 14, under the direction of Mr. William Poel.

HEALTH is at a premium—

vigour of mind and body command, if not success, at all events the gateways of it. Who but the clear-eyed, alert men and women count in business, sport and social activities, and get the most pleasure out of life? Millions derive their fitness by taking every day, at morning or night, a glass of water with a dash of

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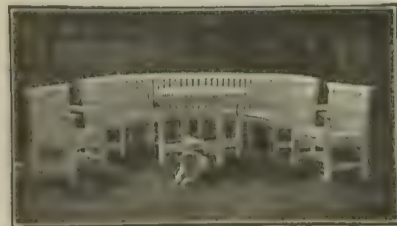
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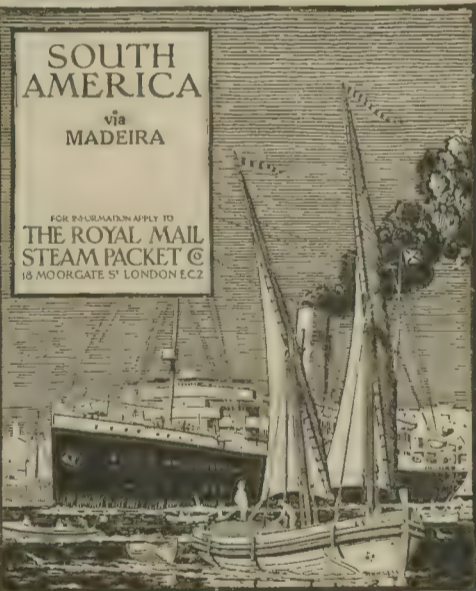
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GRIERSON'S WAY," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

THE revival of Mr. H. V. Esmond's most ambitious work, "Grierson's Way," some twenty-one years old now, is likely to set the older and more thoughtful playgoer sighing in the mood of the *laudator temporis acti*. It carries us back to days in which we had a public that was intensely and intelligently interested in drama, and seemed growing accustomed to the effort of thinking in the playhouse, and asking for something better than mere fairy tales from stage-authors. To-day our entertainment palaces are full, but the average standard of taste has declined, because they have been discovered and swamped by a new class in its thousands with whom the business of education has got to be begun all over again. Confronted for five years with the ugly realities of war and starved of pleasure, these demand amusement rather than art, idealisations of life rather than sober treatment of its problems. Such a public is almost sure to vote the atmosphere of Mr. Esmond's old play gloomy, to dismiss the character the actor-playwright himself interprets as "cracked," and to find the little touches of symbolism on which he ventured as puzzling. The elderly Grierson, it may be remembered, marries a girl to save her reputation, only to learn that, though he has made no claims on her, nature is stronger than gratitude and that she is drawn irresistibly to the man who is father of her child. He is persuaded that the only way to secure Pamela's happiness is to remove the obstacle—which is himself—from the lovers' path; but his death, far from bringing them together, creates a

gulf that nothing can bridge. All that is true to human nature. Mr. Esmond, however, instead of letting the weak hero tread his road to suicide unaided, provides him with a tempter—a violinist embittered by the loss of his arm into making life bitter for others and acting as a sort of dismal Iago. Thus, though we are presented with a striking study in the *macabre*, interpreted for all it is worth by the author himself, the tragedy thereby is made

miss either their performances or the piece, which still can rank as Mr. Esmond's *chef-d'œuvre*.

A BARRIE FANTASY AT THE COLISEUM.

Sir James Barrie and Mme. Karsavina between them provide a delicious little trille half-way between fantasy and ballet, in the extravaganza billed at the Coliseum under the title of "The Truth About the Russian Dancers."

According to the Puck of our stage, to whose every whim we gratefully bow, a Russian "star" dancer is not as other folk, if she marries and wishes for children. She must face the menace of death in childbirth. You see Karsavina then, in the rôle of Karissima, a lady who never speaks a word but is gloriously eloquent in dancing. Karissima has married a young peer, and is eager to become a mother. "She is so impatient," says her bridegroom; she cannot wait for anything"; and lo! the baby is produced by magic, and the mother can dance while she is nursing it. But, alas! the next moment she is a corpse, and a dancing corpse too, to her husband's dismay. Fortunately, her maestro is equal to the occasion, and equal to the self-sacrifice required. He stabs himself with his hand (the Russian dancer's mode of suicide), and there is a substitute ready for the new Alcestis.



Photograph by C.N.

TO PREVENT THE THEFT OF POLLEN! ORCHIDS BEHIND A PROTECTING GRILLE.

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a trifle grotesque and mechanical; we feel as though an outsider were forcing those really concerned in the drama in a direction he chooses, though it is the direction they could and would have taken without his intervention. Both Mr. Franklin Dyall as the unhappy Grierson and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as heroine act with admirable naturalness, and no one who cares for the theatre should

MR. GALSWORTHY'S WAR PLAY, "DEFEAT."

One of three works given by the Curtain Group at a matinée at the Lyric, Hammersmith, comes from the pen of Mr. Galsworthy. It is a war play, and about a light-o'-love, and it is styled "Defeat." From a concert a young British boy-lieutenant has taken to her rooms a girl who in the relief of finding him kindly and sympathetic confides to

(Continued overleaf.)

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him that she is German. She affects cynicism, but loves moonlight and music, and dreams of her country and famous river. Suddenly out in the street is cried the news of a British victory, whereupon the boy cannot restrain his rejoicing, and the girl, sobbing for all her affected indifference, bursts into her country's national hymn. Nicely played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Herbert Marshall, this beautifully written play produced a great effect, and would have produced an even greater could Mr. Galsworthy have forgotten a little to be impartial and listened a little more intently to his heart.

"TOM TROUBLE." AT THE HOLBORN EMPIRE.

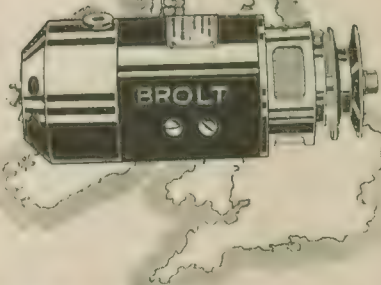
In "John Ferguson," staged but a week or two ago, we saw the theme of a girl's seduction turned very splendidly to the purposes of tragedy; in "Tom Trouble," the play of a new author, Mr. John Burley, we have a similar subject with the difference that the fault is the heroine's, handled in the spirit of comedy. Our censors in the playhouse might draw odious comparisons between the attitude of Irish and that of English farming people towards the self-

same misfortune of a young woman, for both Hannah Ferguson and Mary Hey are farmers' daughters, and there is no denying that it is the comparatively light-hearted way in which parents and girl regard the incident which has made Mary a potential mother that gives its tone to the work Messrs. Casson and Winston have produced at their Holborn Empire matinées, and comes as such a contrast to the gloom of the Irish dramatist's characters. The piece is handled tactfully by Miss Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Lewis Casson, and Mr. Nicholas Hannen in the chief parts, and has individuality enough and fun enough to make its writer's future work worth watching.

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN." AT THE STRAND. Love between those who live upstairs and those who live downstairs, how constant a theme it is in the theatre—as old, at least, as "She Stoops to Conquer," and how small the variations in its treatment! In the American story, "Come Out of the Kitchen," which Miss Gertrude Elliott presented last Monday in the presence of the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales, the folk downstairs

are only in masquerade, as was Goldsmith's heroine; but, unlike her, they are not mistaken for servants, but deliberately act in that capacity. Mr. A. E. Thomas's play, based on a tale of Miss Alice Duer Miller, shows us a girl and her brothers and sister in reduced circumstances who, to tide over a bad time, let their Virginian mansion to a rich man and themselves assume the rôles of domestics. It does not take long for the rich Burton Crane, played by Mr. Frederic Worlock, to find his way into the kitchen and to fall in love with Miss Gertrude Elliott's bewitchingly demure cook and her Irish brogue. So results a very ingenuous but quite agreeable entertainment, the humour and the sentiment of which alike run on conventional lines. Miss Barbara Gott does her best with the character of a black "Mammy" who talks as "coloured" people are always made to talk in sentimental comedy; Mr. Frank Denton has to make bricks without too much straw as a "statistical poet," and all the real opportunities go to Miss Elliott, whose personality atones for the artificial material on which it has to expend itself.

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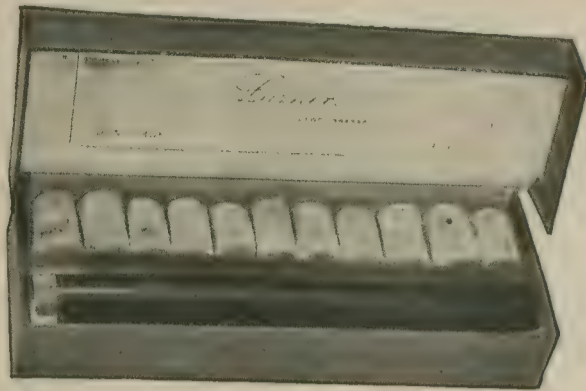
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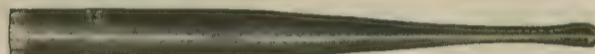
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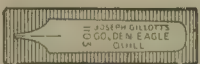
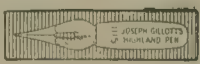
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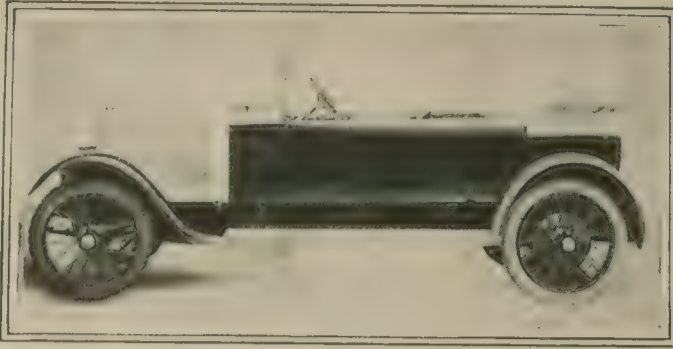


THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Marine Motor Exhibition.

The Marine Motor Show, which opened at Olympia on Friday, the 12th inst., and closes to-day, possessed interest beyond the ordinary in consequence of the great advances made during the war in the application of the internal combustion engine to marine propulsion. Beyond that, the influence of the war on the design of hulls has not been inconsiderable, and there is more than a little evidence to be seen at the Show that much improvement has been effected, especially where the larger classes of boats are concerned. So, too, in engines. Types ranging from 2 h.p. to 500 h.p. are shown, and it is almost literally true to say that every type, from the smallest to the largest, shows a marked improvement over the designs of six years ago. The greatest advance seems to have been made in engines designed to burn the heavier grades of fuel—i.e., motors of the Diesel and semi-Diesel type. These have been simplified and adapted for use as auxiliaries for fishing and coastal craft and for the propulsion of barges on inland waterways. They are cheap in upkeep and fuel costs—relatively to engines using paraffin or petrol, of course—and there would seem to be a very wide future of usefulness for the types. In engines designed for use with the lighter fuels there does not seem to have been so great an advance, though there is much improvement visible. What is probably one of the most interesting features of the Show is the "knock-down" system of boat building, which is designed to save cost and to simplify the problems of transport to the point at which the craft is to be put into use. These "knock-down" boats consist of frames which have previously been erected and fitted, after which they are taken down and packed in crates for dispatch to any part of the world. All that is left to be done by the purchaser is the re-assembling of the frame and planking, even the latter being cut to size and each length numbered. By this system boats can be

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An invasion of the British market by cheap American cars is once again being prophesied. I do not think this is likely, for several reasons. In the first place, there are

no "cheap" American cars to be had here because of the duty of 33 1-3 per cent. and the adverse exchange. The car which is cheap in America has lost that quality by the time it arrives in England, and if we say that it costs twice its American price we are not likely to be far out. Even the Ford costs more than twice the price it commanded before the war. What are selling here, and will continue to sell, are American cars of high and medium grade, which cost about the same as British vehicles of corresponding class, and which, by reason of cheaper production costs in America, can compete on even terms after allowing for duty and exchange. There will always be room for them.

I do not think there is the slightest reason to think our market will be invaded by anything likely to compete with the cheaper British types. American factories are not turning out enough cars to cope with the home demand, and we should be getting none at all of any kind were it not that there are a number of firms with an established goodwill over here which they must, for the sake of the future, take measures to preserve. Of course, if the duty were taken off and we went back to free trade in cars, there might be a danger that some of the lower grade makers in America would make an effort to capture a share of our business again for the sake of the future. But at present the one who thinks he will be able before long to get an American car at a lower price than he would pay for a British, is simply deluding himself.

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It is refreshing in these days of continual increases in car prices to receive such a communication as I have before me from Messrs. General Motors, Ltd. They announce that they have decided on an immediate reduction in the prices of all their models, and that all customers who have ordered Buick cars or Oldsmobile trucks since Feb. 10, will receive a refund of the difference between the amount paid and the new list prices. These prices now are: Buick standard touring car, £745: [Continued overleaf].



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LONDON: 14, Regent Street, S.W. 1.
PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moli.



(Continued.)

two-seater, £745; chassis (short), £610; chassis (long), £695. The reason assigned for the reduction is that the company is of opinion that the cause for apprehension in regard to the downward trend of American exchange has now disappeared.

Another Austin Tractor Success.

Yorkshire has long been famous for its ploughing matches, in which all classes take the keenest interest.

This year a novelty was admitted in the shape of tractor trials. At Hutton Rudby a tractor ploughing match took place, in which the Austin agricultural tractor, working a self-lift plough which makes it a one-man outfit, secured the first prize. On the following day, a similar contest took place at Stainton, in Cleveland, and here again the Austin tractor was successful. Two of these machines competed, using two types of plough, the only difference between them being that the first Austin tractor won the first prize and the second won the second prize.

These fresh successes, coming upon the heels of the excellent achievements of the tractor during 1919 in winning four highest awards at the chief agricultural shows during the year, and in securing the first place at the Lincoln Trials in order of merit among tractors of under two tons in weight, seem to indicate that this handy and powerful machine is destined to be of the greatest assistance to agriculture in the near future. Deliveries were promised at the rate of 100 a week in March, and 200 a week later on, in time for the autumn ploughing.

The Question of Deliveries.

It seems to me to be rather a pity from some points of view that so much in the way of what I may call outside complaint has been made relative to the lateness of car deliveries. I know it is vastly annoying to people who have ordered cars months ago and have been promised early delivery—only to be disappointed. At the same time, I do know that where firms of established

repute are concerned—and people are really foolish to do business with others—it has been no direct fault of their own that they have not reached production on the anticipated scale. We must remember that Government contracts were not wound up as early as was anticipated. Then the work of changing over from war to peace production was much more protracted than anyone expected. Add to this that labour troubles have been

firms of repute in the trade, we shall find that most of them have been content with quite modest sums as deposits. Deposits have helped them, but not a very great deal, and the present position is that they are straining every nerve to get cars out so that they may have enough coming in to meet the weekly outgoings.

I do not want it thought that I mean the trade is in a bad way. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The

position simply is as I have stated it—that everything has been going out and nothing coming in for more than a year. Naturally, therefore, manufacturers are keen on production, and the sooner they reach it the better they will be pleased. There is nothing for the disappointed customer to do but to practise patience for yet a little longer. Of course, there are some mushroom concerns which are not likely to produce cars this year—or at all—and I have a lot of sympathy with people who have been so ill-advised as to pay down their deposits on the chance of getting something like a super-car at a low price. Some of these will lose their money. But, as I say, where it is an established firm in the question there may be delay, but there is certainly no risk.

Light Cars From France.

The other day I was taken down to Ashford to view the new distributing depôt which has been opened there by Messrs. Gastons, Ltd., who, among other agencies, are the concessionnaires for the Citroën car.

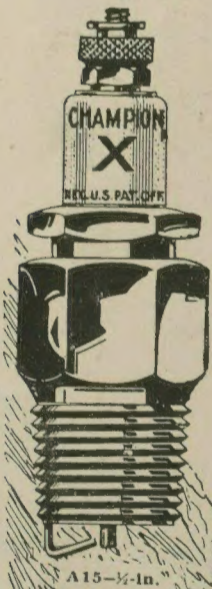
This, as most readers of these notes are aware, is a French light car built on mass-production lines, and I understand that the French works are turning out no fewer than thirty-nine cars per day, while a much higher output is being aimed at. The British market, to judge from what I saw at Ashford, is not by any means being neglected, for quite a third of the whole output seems, on the figures, to be finding its way here. I suppose I saw fifty new cars there, all nearly ready for delivery. It was really quite cheering to see that *someone* has cars to deliver.



BRITISH CARS WELL REPRESENTED ON THE RIVIERA: A WOLSELEY ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS AT NICE.

rife, and in particular that the moulders' strike held things up for months—industry has not nearly caught up the baleful results yet—and we have a sum of considerable dimensions. Manufacturers wish as ardently as their customers that they were actually delivering cars in the anticipated numbers. They have been living on their bank balances since the cessation of hostilities, and many of them are about at the end of their cash resources. It is all very well to talk about the huge sums they have in hand in the way of deposits; but, if again we take the

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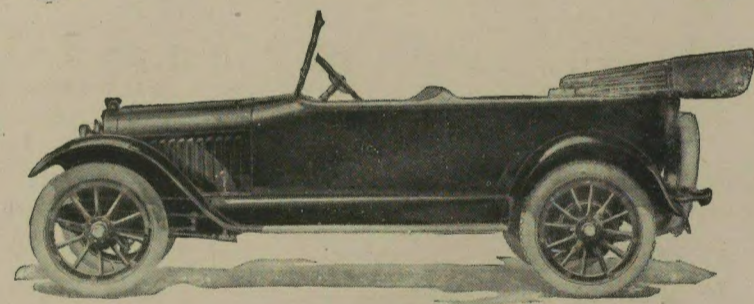
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